THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1925

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 60c

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 324—*JANUARY 31, 1925*—NO. 4204

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

CONTINENTAL OPTIMISM

THERE is general agreement that this has been a year of economic recovery on the Continent. Germany's reëstablished credit is probably the central factor in this improvement, which is perhaps primarily psychological, for the restoration of her currency to par has increased cost of production and checked the expansion of exports. The Berlin correspondent of the *Economist* says: —

Money is relatively plentiful. A report read at the Deutsche Bank shareholders' meeting mentions that deposits have doubled since the beginning of the year. Clearings in the first six months of this year recovered to about half the total of the same months of 1914, and have since then increased by about ten per cent a month. The condition of the other commercial banks is understood to be similar. The great increase in deposits is an indication of faith in the stability of the currency.

In France, despite the shadow of impending national insolvency that undoubtedly hangs over the country, and other unsatisfactory features in the general financial situation, fundamental conditions — at least as reflected in public confidence — appear to be sound. M. Yves-Guyot, writing upon prospects for 1925 in the *Agence Économique et Financière*, says: —

The franc has not experienced a slump abroad, the Rentes have again risen, and the Loan has been heavily subscribed. Such are the results achieved. There is all the more reason to marvel at them seeing that the Loan was not submitted under conditions calculated to ensure its complete success. The amnesty, the illegal recognition of the unions of civil servants, the apotheosis of Jaurès to a waving of red flags, the recognition of the Soviet Government, various anti-Catholic speeches which to say the least were inopportune, and threats against the capitalists and financiers — all these were scarcely of a nature to inspire confidence in the minds of people with savings large or small. As usual there were people who were scared and liable to panic, and knaves ready to take advantage of them. Both simple-minded and wily *défaitistes* sold French securities, including Government Funds, and exported, or at any rate endeavored to export, their capital. Such was the case of two Communist deputies who, taking these Bolshevist scaremongers seriously, applied to a foreign bank to transfer beyond the frontier in the one case Fr. 700,000 and in the other Fr.

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500,000, and seemed broken-hearted when the bank refused to lend itself to such practices. Communists and those in fear of a reaction seem equally impressed by the strength of the 875,000 votes recorded by their supporters on the eleventh of May last. Of course they exaggerate. But statesmen responsible for the safety of the country will remember that to weaken the defenses is but to provoke aggression. Still the Loan has been a success, the Rentes are rising, and the franc, instead of sinking, is increasing in value. That is a good start for 1925.

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FASCISM IN EXTREMIS?

EVEN the acutest and best-informed observers have had difficulty in following the erratic course of Italian politics during the last few weeks. Mussolini seems to have turned abruptly on his trail several times in his effort to escape a pursuing Nemesis of Fascist misdoing. Sensational disclosures connecting his closest friends and most prominent supporters with deeds of illegality and violence have come thick and fast. General Balbo, until recently commander of the National Militia, has been proved in court, by documents which he acknowledged as over his own signature, to have ordered the use of violence against law-abiding opponents of his Party. As Giolitti's daily, *La Stampa*, says: —

> This evidence is of extraordinary importance, for it must open the eyes of the few deluded people who still remain Fascist or Philo-Fascist, who hitherto have ascribed all this crime and violence to the rank and file and the subalterns of the movement.

Two newspapers in Rome have published sensational confessions directly implicating the Chief of Police of that city in the murder of the Socialist deputy Matteotti last summer. Indeed, the blood-stained garments of that victim of Fascist violence are said to have been hidden for a time in the private office of this official. In fact, suppressed passages of these documents are said to carry the responsibility for that crime back to *il Duce* himself.

An unpopular bill to regulate, or gag, the press, replacing the existing executive decrees, has been introduced in Parliament. The opposition, not only of the seceding members of the latter body on the Aventine but even of distinguished Liberals who have hitherto coöperated with Fascism, is growing in strength and boldness. A letter from Signor Giunta, the Fascist Vice-President of the Chamber, has been published giving directions to 'make life impossible' for two prominent former Fascist leaders who had stood out against the policy of illegal violence. One of these, Signor Forni, was afterwards assaulted and left for dead. The publication of this letter has forced Signor Giunta to resign from his office in the Chamber — a resignation that his Party refused to accept. Opponents of the Fascisti from all parts of Italy, and representing all phases of political opinion outside Fascist ranks, recently held an enthusiastic convention at Milan.

Last of all, Mussolini himself has astounded the Chamber, which was summoned earlier than anticipated, by introducing an electoral law that completely reverses the present statute, which was enacted by Mussolini and his Fascisti followers, and restores the old system in force until five years ago. When the opposition on the Aventine and Mussolini's partisans in Parliament recovered from the blank astonishment that this announcement produced, the former hastened to declare that free elections were impossible so long as a Fascist Government with an armed militia controlled the country, while the Fascisti accommodated themselves to the situation with divided feelings. The sentiment of the ex-

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tremists was probably well expressed in the comment of their journal *L'Impèro:* 'We never expected to see a Fascist Government dominated by Parliament and calling the voters to the ballot box twice in a single year.' On the other hand, *Il Messaggero,* the organ of the more moderate Fascisti, lauded Mussolini for his action and asserted: 'The nation can now feel the pulse of its sentiment with complete composure and pursue its course by strictly legal routes.'

Mussolini explained his action as follows: —

Keep calm and patient. I know what I am doing. The electoral reform is part of a larger scheme of reform that I intend to put through. It will be approved and applied with or without the Aventine. I shall hold the elections myself, but not at once — when it is convenient. The Matteotti trial shall be prosecuted to its conclusion. I have nothing to fear, and I insist that justice take its course. I do not need to ask the King to pardon those who are guilty.

The Italian people, if we may judge from the consensus of press opinion both in Italy and abroad, wish to see the National Militia, which incorporates the old Fascisti organizations, disbanded, but to dissolve this body would be tantamount to Fascist abdication. Jules Sauerwein, reporting an interview with Mussolini in *Matin,* says: —

If there were no Fascist militia we cannot believe that Mussolini would be able to direct for any length of time, with the sagacity that he has exhibited, the domestic and foreign policies of his country. But these 100,000 men wish in serving him to make a servant of him. . . . Several times during the last two years I have seen Mussolini in moments of serious crisis. It will be one of the greatest surprises of my life if his enemies prove that he has been associated with low intrigues. But I shall be equally surprised if he succeeds in transforming his political adventure into a stable régime founded on the normal functioning of the institutions of the country.

With the decline of Mussolini's prestige and popularity, people are beginning to ask if he is really the man of iron will and inflexible purpose his romantic reputation represents him to be. Italian caricaturists have ventured to express this doubt of late in dozens of pointed cartoons. A writer in *Journal de Genève,* while attributing to Mussolini an autocratic temperament and an 'almost physical craving for domination,' declares that in spite of his Cæsarian dreams he is 'a weak man whose will often vacillates and who obeys the last man who talks with him.' He then summarizes the forces behind the present political confusion in Italy as follows:

At Chigi Palace Mussolini is under the influence of a circle of professional diplomats who are constantly recommending a policy of moderation and sagacity. In private his Fascist friends flatter his craving for power and exploit it for their personal benefit. In matters of foreign policy his speeches are imperialistic but his acts are pacific; in matters of domestic policy he pleads for normalization and yet conducts himself like a tyrant.

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THE PEON LEARNS GEOGRAPHY

SUPPLEMENTING the address upon the compensations of Latin-American revolutions that we published a few weeks ago, is an article in *El Universal* of Mexico City describing the broadening effect upon the Indian villagers of their experience as soldiers during the past ten years of military campaigning. 'Madero, Carranza, and Villa did not make civil war to teach the Indians geography, but that was a result, none the less.' The effect has been to shake the peon out of his apathy and to make him vastly more self-reliant. 'He no longer grovels before his master, beseeching a piece of bread. . . .' An

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Indian who is ill-treated or underpaid at Soconusco or La Chontalpa betakes himself to Tampico or some other point where employment is abundant and well paid. Ten thousand Mexican laborers found jobs even as far away as Chicago last season.

I hired some ten years ago an illiterate, servile, sullen Zambo from Morelos, whom I began to teach to read and write. But just then the revolution broke out; and he was drafted into the army, and later went to the United States. There he suffered, labored, learned, and saved. A few days ago I sent for a mover to move my furniture to a new house. A little later a huge truck stopped in front of the door in charge of my former Zambo servant, who had four helpers under him. . . . He performed his duties most efficiently without breaking an article. Two years in the United States had taught him to run a truck and to manage men.

But the peon's political education is still rudimentary; and the country must suffer accordingly. According to *El Universal's* Vera Cruz correspondent, something resembling a reign of terror still prevails in Yucatan, where conditions exist that 'might be compared with those in Venezuela.' One newspaper man was sent to work in a paving gang because he refused to publish a biography of a municipal President. The editor of *La Lucha*, another local newspaper, was sent to the stone pile for a similar offense. Still a third pressman is in prison for trying to revive *La Revista de Yucatan*. 'Every state legislator is a mediæval cacique in his district; every municipal President is a tyrant, and all are dominated by one man, who unites in his person the offices of Director of Railways, Municipal President of Merida, and Controller of Exports.'

✻

OPIUM AND DIPLOMATS

On November 1 delegates to a Conference called by the League of Nations met at Geneva, to make effective the nebulous provisions of a convention signed at the Hague twelve years ago for controlling the traffic in opium. But this Conference left the situation even more hazy than before. The British delegation, which was apparently controlled by aggressive representatives of the Indian administration, which derives large revenues from opium, was chiefly responsible for this. India of course had other support, inasmuch as her Government is by no means alone in exploiting this vice; for example, forty-three per cent of the entire income of Singapore comes from its opium monopoly.

Simultaneously with the conclusion of this Conference, a second Conference, in which the United States is officially represented, met at Geneva. After some lively sessions, during which our delegates, supported by all their colleagues from the Western Hemisphere, including Canada, and by Japan, were opposed by the colonial Powers that draw revenue from the opium traffic, this body adopted a series of recommendations. But the British delegates refused to sign them, although the principal measure to which they objected was originally proposed by Sir John Jordan, one of their own number. This was to the effect that India should reduce her opium exports by ten per cent each year for the next ten years, and that the States which are her customers should reduce *pari passu* their imports, undertaking not to supplement the deficiency from other sources. The Indian Government argues with some justice that it is unfair to prohibit its producers from exporting to China, while China herself is increasing her home output of opium to fill the gap.

This was the situation when the second Conference, after a recess to think things over, reassembled at

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Geneva on January 12. As the matter stands, the United States, with the moral support of the other Powers in the Western Hemisphere, and with the active support of Japan speaking for the Asiatic nations, including the Swarajist Congress in India, advocates the prohibition of opium, except for rationing narcotic drugs for medicinal use on a basis of a fixed maximum per capita of the population. Meanwhile the Indian administration, and representatives of colonies deriving a large revenue from the drug traffic, oppose these restrictions.

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A PICTURESQUE ADVENTURER

EVERYONE who has followed Socialist literature in Europe during the last decade has heard of 'Parvus' and has read more or less of his writings. This was the nom de plume of a bald, shaggy-bearded Russian Jew, sometimes called the ugliest man in Europe, but also one of the ablest members of his Party. His real name was Dr. Alexander Helphand, and he has just died at the age of fifty-seven.

After engaging in political agitation at Kief, where he was born, he was arrested, imprisoned, and banished to Siberia. On his way thither he killed his armed guard with his bare hands, and escaped to Switzerland, where he studied economics at Basle. He then went to Germany, and joined the staff of the Radical-Socialist daily, *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, where he was associated with Rosa Luxemburg in a campaign against Bernstein and the Moderate Socialists. After a vicissitudinous career, during which he was driven from one State to another in Germany and passed a brief period in Russia at the time of the 1905 revolution, he turned up in Turkey, where he made a fortune dealing in foodstuffs during the late war. He spent his newly acquired wealth liberally for the Socialist cause, among other things founding one of its brightest periodicals, *Die Glocke*, from which the *Living Age* has often reprinted articles. Of late he lived in a beautiful villa on the shores of the Havel near Berlin, where he maintained something resembling a Socialist salon. One obituary notice says that, although he was associated, rightly or wrongly, with much that was sinister or discreditable, including subterranean intrigues in Switzerland and Scandinavia during the war, he was a friend of several of the Social-Democratic leaders. Yet these gentlemen, if we are to believe the testimony of his obituaries, found it 'difficult to open their mouths in his presence, for fear their own relative intellectual insignificance might be too painfully obvious.' He had no contact with the working people themselves, and his Radicalism always had a chauvinist tinge. Altogether he was one of the most picturesque, if not the most ethically inspiring, men that the revolutionary movement in Europe has recently produced.

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AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN PERSIA

A TELEGRAPHIC dispatch recently appeared in the British press to the effect that the American Financial Mission to Persia, under the direction of Dr. Millspaugh, which has been in charge of that country's fiscal administration for the past two years, had proved a failure; that the Persian Government had hoped to attract American money to that country when it appointed the Mission and this hope had not been realized; that the people imagined the Americans would reduce taxes, instead of which they had proposed additional imposts. As a result, according to this account, the Mission had become exceedingly unpopular. Dr. Millspaugh

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had twice tried to resign, and it was expected that he and his associates would shortly be relieved of their duties.

As an illustration of at least a state of mind — whose state of mind we are not in a position to suggest, for we are totally unfamiliar with the facts — the following comment upon this dispatch, from *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the leading Berlin organ of Hugo Stinnes's successors, is interesting reading: —

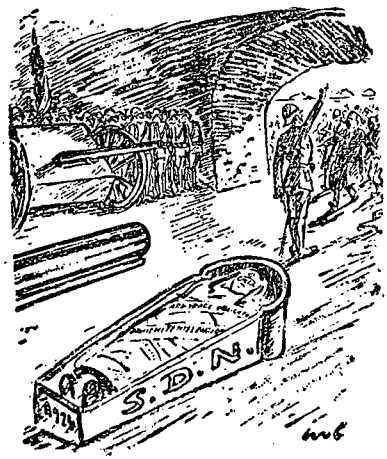
We must allow for the fact that this report reaches us from an English source, that English influence in Persia has been decidedly on the wane since 1921, and that England is naturally striving to recover her former precedence. In this connection the following statement by a high Persian official is significant: 'So long as the American Mission is in my country, England will give us no rest.' Rumor has it, moreover, that England is paying a monthly subsidy of a thousand pounds to several influential Persians in Teheran, whom she employs as spies and for the purpose of promoting discord between the Americans and the Persians. It is also reported that England was behind the recently suppressed revolt of the Sheik Mohammerah, and is financing the constant incursions of the Kurd leader, Simko.

MINOR NOTES

Die Rote Fahne, which is a Communist organ, publishes a report upon the condition of workers in Soviet Russia vindicating that average industrial wages in that country are 67.5 per cent of what they were just before the war. In only one branch of manufacturing — food preparation — are they higher than at the earlier period. In the textile industry they are 83 per cent of the pre-war standard, and in the printing industries nearly 97 per cent. General figures of food consumption indicate that the workers are somewhat worse nourished than before the war, but a constant improvement is noted.

SWEDEN has completed the electrification of the Lapland Railway, so that it is now possible to travel the whole way from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Bothnia by electric train. The country served by this road is a favorite tourist resort, but the chief importance of the line is to carry iron ore. Its electrification has resulted in important economies of operation.

THE LEAGUE AND EGYPT



ENGLAND TO THE EGYPTIANS. No, you can't have this mummy. — *Rire*, Paris

THE ITALIAN PRESS LAW

Giolitti, Orlando, and Salandra watch Mussolini hang the Italian Press. — *Becco Giallo*, Rome

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CHINESE POLITICS AND CHRISTIAN ETHICS

BY RODNEY GILBERT

From the *North China Herald, December* 6
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

FROM the very outset of his campaign Chang Tso-lin's consistent apology for his invasion of Chihli was the removal of Tsao Kun from the presidency. Wu Pei-fu and all who stood behind him were his enemies because they supported the corrupt president, Tsao Kun, and for no other assigned reason. For the same reason a great number of persons, Chinese and foreigners alike, who were anxious enough to see China united and at peace, and who also admired Wu Pei-fu's personal courage and honesty, found it impossible to look forward to the re-unification of China under the Tsao family with any enthusiasm. Wu Pei-fu therefore had little or no moral support from any community in China; no more had Chang Tso-lin. The public at large did not want the aggrandizement of Tsao Kun, nor did they want him removed at the cost of Manchurian invasion. Neither side aroused popular enthusiasm, nor could either lay claim to anything approximating popular support.

Wu Pei-fu was carrying the war away from China proper, and if he kept it there, it would mean at least temporary peace inside the Great Wall, while, if he won, it seemed certain that there would be more or less lasting peace. If Chang Tso-lin won, a very undesirable Manchurian invasion would result in at least one small blessing — the elimination of Tsao Kun and his following. Popular indifference to the outcome of a war involving 400,000 men, costing millions in direct expenditure and many more millions through the suspension of commerce over the greater part of North China, was tempered by no higher considerations than these.

Public feeling was not really aroused until General Feng Yu-hsiang, the much-advertised Christian commander, suddenly returned to Peking on October 23 and set up his own régime. Chinese and foreigners throughout North China were stunned and horrified. Sympathy at once went out to Wu Pei-fu, and when it became known that he had left the Shanhaikuan front and had returned to Tientsin to organize a punitive expedition against Feng Yu-hsiang, he became in every sense of the word a popular hero, and Feng Yu-hsiang and his colleagues were openly and freely cursed by all classes as traitors. Chinese Christianity came in for its share of opprobrium, since Feng and several of his associates were prominent Christian leaders. Even the Japanese journals in North China, which had been frankly pro-Chang throughout the fighting, could not withhold their admiration for Wu Pei-fu and their contempt for his betrayers. Loath as both Peking and Tientsin were to have the war brought to their doorsteps, the responsibility for it fell upon Feng, and both communities literally prayed en masse that Wu would have the strength to come back and give him his deserts.

With feeling running so high there was no sympathy expressed for President Tsao Kun — which is eloquent proof of the position which he and his régime held in the public mind.

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By the end of October it became sadly apparent that Wu Pei-fu was not only unable to fight his way to Peking, but would not be able to maintain his position in Tientsin. Demoralization and desertion thinned his forces until there was nothing left for him to do but to sail away, as he did, with the pitiable remnants of his great army.

The coming of Chang Tso-lin's vanguard into the Tientsin area was not an occasion for great rejoicing, but by the time they arrived all of North China was offering up prayers for the chastisement of Feng Yu-hsiang and was ready to suffer a good deal of inconvenience to see Chang Tso-lin turn his Manchurian hordes loose upon the Christian army and their associates, the detested Shensi bandits, and give them a tremendous drubbing. If they hesitated to express this opinion before the expulsion of the Manchu Emperor from the Palace, there was no hesitation afterward. The seizure of the Palace by the Feng Yu-hsiang administration in Peking was regarded by all classes as nothing more or less than a looting-exploit. Feng was openly condemned in Anfu circles at Tientsin, and it is said that when Chang Tso-lin heard the news on his train his fury knew no bounds. The public actually anticipated with delight another war which would punish Feng for his treachery to Wu.

The Chinese are used to adjusting themselves to new masters and, with Wu Pei-fu regretfully ushered out of the local arena, the public was more than ready to receive Chang Tso-lin as the new master on condition that he would discharge what were conceived to be his primary obligations — the first being to deal drastically with Tsao Kun and company, and the second being to deal still more drastically with Feng Yu-hsiang and company.

While neither Chang Tso-lin nor the Anfu leaders had much respect for Feng Yu-hsiang to begin with, and while they were completely alienated from him after the Palace episode, they had other reasons for mistrusting him and wishing to be rid of him which are just beginning to be revealed. There can be no doubt that Feng did not live up to the letter of the agreement which preceded the coup and that he tried to get cards in his hands and play for much higher stakes than were allotted him in that agreement.

Throughout the autumn's hostilities the Japanese made no pretence about their sympathies. They wanted Chang Tso-lin to win, and a very big element in Japan was openly in favor of resorting to any measures to prevent Wu Pei-fu from winning. The whole Japanese intelligence-system in China was devoted to collecting military data of value to Wu's enemies and to broadcasting it. The most detailed information was collected through both Chinese and Japanese agents, sent out at once by wireless, and turned over to the Japanese news-agencies in full and without delay, so that Wu's troop-movements were known in detail to his enemies immediately after every military enterprise was undertaken.

The significance of Japan's landing of men, horses, guns, and what not, at Chinwangtao was clear enough in spite of repeated Japanese official *démentis*. They were not there to fight Wu Pei-fu, of course, but to get in the way, to become embroiled with the Chinese soldiery, and to furnish the jingoes with a war cry which would force intervention, since Wu then appeared to be getting the best of it. Whatever significance this move had, it was a breach of etiquette on the part of Japan which was openly resented by the Diplomatic Body in Peking. The manœuvres of foreign troops in the railway zone between Peking and Shanhaikwan established by the Boxer Protocol are

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never undertaken without the knowledge and approval of all the Protocol Powers. Independent action on the part of one Power is little short of an insult to all the others, and this landing at Chinwangtao was certainly so regarded in the Legation Quarter. It is no longer any secret that, upon receipt of the news, the British Minister and Admiral Leveson immediately called upon the Japanese Minister and asked for an explanation which Mr. Yoshizawa was unable to give. He said he would have to consult his Government.

Nor is it any longer a secret that after the coup, when Wu Pei-fu still seemed capable of retaking Peking, the Japanese Minister made the most strenuous effort to persuade his colleagues to advocate immediate foreign intervention to their Governments. He was only induced to give up his campaign when one prominent member of the Corps remarked with finality that his Government was not in favor of intervention, '*whether open or secret.*'

The Japanese attitude was so well known that it has puzzled many foreigners to note that the Japanese press, after the success of the coup was assured, became caustically critical of Feng Yu-hsiang and his colleagues and made no little capital of their Red affiliations. The explanation of this, which now comes from Japanese sources, is a long but interesting story. That the Japanese had foreknowledge of the coup is beyond cavil. The writer has seen Japanese papers published in Manchuria which gave an account of it on October 22, the day before it happened, and has interviewed persons who heard it discussed by the Japanese and the Anfu leaders in Tientsin some days before Feng Yu-hsiang started back for Peking. The Anfu leaders who work closely with the Japanese freely admit that Feng's defection was arranged for many months before the war actually started. There has been no evidence produced, however, to show that any Japanese were active in planning the coup, even though their silence in this instance implies approval.

One of the most prominent Japanese in Peking, a man always extremely well informed upon Chinese affairs, has recently been telling a story to his friends which is too circumstantial — gives too many dates, names, and figures — to print in all its details without further proof. In outline, however, it is worth retailing, because the reproduction of it may draw evidence from other quarters which will throw more light on the conspiracy. The whole scheme, according to this authority, was conceived and very largely worked out by a Japanese major-general resident in China. Chang Tso-lin does not seem to have been directly concerned at the outset.

A great Japanese corporation in Manchuria was induced to advance funds from its reserves to purchase the Christian General Feng and defeat Wu Pei-fu, which funds were later to be repaid by the new Government. The estimated total cost of the deal was $20,000,000, of which $5,000,000 was to be paid over to the conspirators on the eve of the coup, and the remainder whenever it resulted in Wu Pei-fu's complete collapse and removal from the political field.

When all was settled, it is said that the first $5,000,000 was paid over on October 21, and the movements began — but contrary to all arrangements. Feng was to hurry his forces from Jehol down the Lan River to Luanchow on the railway and attack Wu's rear. Instead of this, the Christian General returned in all haste to Peking, seized the Government, and commenced distributing offices to his subordinates. The Japanese interested in the conspiracy had no idea of establishing or supporting a Feng Yu-hsiang administration.

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Chang Tso-lin and Tuan Chi-jui, who has now been made Premier, were their champions and the men whom they proposed to support in the establishment of a new Government, and for a few days it looked decidedly as though Feng, in his haste to get control of the capital, had wrecked the whole scheme and had only succeeded in getting for Wu Pei-fu popular support among both Chinese and foreigners such as he had not enjoyed for some years.

This Japanese authority goes on to say that Feng Yu-hsiang had no sooner established himself in Peking than he asked for the balance of the promised loan, which was refused him on the grounds that he had failed to carry out the articles of his agreement and that he had allowed Wu Pei-fu to get away and to take up a position where he was still a very dangerous enemy. It was when he understood that he had lost Japanese support, and had probably won the distrust and hostility of Chang Tso-lin and the Anfu leaders, that the Christian General and his immediate following came into direct touch with Karakhan, the Soviet Ambassador — a move that was for many reasons as unpopular with the Japanese as with the Chinese and all foreign residents in China. All of which serves to explain the unabated hostility of the Japanese press to Feng Yu-hsiang.

Before launching into an appraisement of the present situation, it were well to discuss and have done with one delicate aspect of this coup which has been the subject of more discussion throughout North China than any other, — among foreigners at any rate, — and that is its effect upon the status of Christianity in China. There can be no doubt that it has done infinite harm among both Chinese and foreigners. Feng Yu-hsiang was so aggressively and ostentatiously a Christian that this is inevitable, since he has become so despised a figure that the children in the streets curse his name. This last is not a figure of speech; it is literally true. He never let anyone forget his Christianity for a moment. The wholesale baptism of his troops was given publicity all over the world. Wherever he established himself Christian precepts were painted on the walls in characters four feet high. His soldiers only recently marched through Tientsin's streets singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' Quite a number of the most prominent missionaries never tired of advertising him to both foreigners and Chinese as the perfect type of Christian soldier, the perfect Christian gentleman, and what not. During his residence in Peking he was closely associated with Chinese religious workers who have a nation-wide reputation among their fellow Christians, and these, too, proudly made a display of him and his hymning cohorts at every possible opportunity. In addition to all this, two of the men who figured in the coup and in the subsequent temporary régime, Dr. C. T. Wang and Hsueh Tu-pi, are almost as prominent as Christians as the Christian General himself. It is therefore inevitable that Chinese Christianity should come under something of a cloud when associated with a political stroke which has come to be the most unpopular of any since the founding of the Republic.

A great mass of the comment which one hears upon this subject is of course thoughtless and illogical. That this affair proves definitely that there is no such thing as a genuine and sincere Chinese Christian is a very widespread conclusion. Granting that the coup and the subsequent developments were thoroughly unethical according to our Occidental interpretation of Christian ethics, their participation in it by no means proves that Feng Yu-hsiang and his associates were not and are not

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sincere Christians according to their own interpretation of Christianity. Even if they were not, it would by no means prove that there are no sincere and genuine Christians. Opinions based upon such loose deductions are bound to be ephemeral, and need not worry the serious religious worker.

In more thoughtful circles the opinions expressed are much more calculated to distress the people who are devoting their lives to the Christianization of China. In Legation Quarter discussions of what occurred, for instance, the writer has not heard the sincerity of Feng Yu-hsiang's Christian profession questioned at all. It is recognized that a man may be a sincere believer without developing precisely the same type of conscience as the rigid Anglo-Saxon Protestant. Those who have traveled widely must be forced to admit that there are a good many million Christians in the world, of all nationalities, who take the forms and essential dogmas of Christianity very seriously indeed, whose faith and piety cannot be questioned, but who contrive to adjust their consciences to many things from which an Anglo-Saxon unbeliever would instinctively shrink. Also, in every part of the world, each and every religion passes through the alembic of racial character, temperament, and traditions, and comes forth something slightly different from the same religion in any other part of the world. Mohammedanism, for instance, has an entirely different effect upon the character of the native of Central Africa and the native of Central Asia. Chinese and Japanese, Tibetan and Siamese Buddhism are such remotely different flowers from the same stem, so far as their effect upon the lives of their adherents is concerned, that they are only similar in essential creeds and forms. English Christianity, regardless of sect, has scarcely as much in common with Armenian or Coptic Christianity as Aristotelian and Confucian philosophy have in common. The Scottish Presbyterian missionary can no more make a Scotsman out of a Chinese by turning him into a sincere Presbyterian than an English university can make an Englishman out of a Chinese student by making a first-class scholar of him. The preachers and teachers who fondly believe that they can train their Oriental disciples to react, think, and feel precisely as they and their kindred would think and feel under all possible conditions are doomed to the bitterest kind of disappointment. They are not even taking into account purely physiological racial differences and the vastly different environment which make this impossible. One can no more transplant an Occidental tradition or doctrine to an Asiatic mind and expect it to bear the same fruit in character and conduct than transplant Champagne vines to Cumberland or Massachusetts and expect to produce champagne. The vine may grow and flourish and the grape may look the same, but it has drawn many ingredients from an alien soil which make the wine a remotely different product.

Consequently, with the unpopular coup and its prominent figures as criterions, the ultimate conclusion in many minds is that Chinese Christianity is an unwholesome exotic, into which have grown little of either Christian ethics, as we understand them, or of Chinese traditional ethics. This is of course a generalization from a few cases which is not logically tenable, but it is Christianity's misfortune that it is a conclusion to which a great mass of people have jumped, and one which non-Christian Chinese almost invariably express when asked for an opinion. It is from this point of view that the coup has done Christianity in China inestimable damage.

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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN STATESMEN COMPARED

BY DOCTOR HERMANN LUFFT

From *Preussische Jahrbücher, December*
(Berlin Conservative Nationalist Historical Monthly)

What distinguishes the typical American statesman from the typical European statesman? Every informed person who compares a man like Roosevelt or Wilson with a man like Bülow, Bethmann, Poincaré, or Lloyd George recognizes a marked difference — yes, a marked contrast — between them. Nor is this unlikeness confined to the present generation. It existed throughout the whole nineteenth century. Only a few of the greatest statesmen of Europe are exceptions to this rule of contrast, and they are also exceptions to the generality of statesmen in their own continent: for instance, Napoleon, Bismarck, and perhaps Cavour and Gambetta. On the other hand, the greatest public men of America diverge from the national type only in so far as they accentuate it.

The typical American statesman is characterized primarily by a forceful, dynamic, self-made personality. The typical European statesman, on the other hand, is predominantly static. He is what he is, and what he always has been from the beginning. A Bethmann, a Bülow, a Poincaré, or a Lloyd George, remains always the same. Bethmann throughout his life continued to be an excellent, honest, but narrow civil servant of the higher grade, who proved a farcical pilot for a great State in a tremendous crisis. Bülow remained throughout his career a brilliant orator and parlor tactician who, when at the head of the Government, resembled a funambulist, without a moral centre of gravity in real life outside the world of politics. Poincaré has consistently been a brilliant attorney and logician, an ardent patriot with a strain of raw brutality in his blood. Lloyd George continues to be a little, vain, self-enthused, and therefore mob-enthusing, demagogue, thriving on popular applause, and with no more ethical stability in his dealing with the people as a mob than Bülow had in dealing with the court and high society as a mob.

This European predetermination of the individual from the day he leaves the schoolroom is not true of an American statesman. The latter is constantly in process of formation. If we study the portraits of a Wilson or a Roosevelt at different periods of his life — not to exaggerate the importance of these two men — we shall discover that his features and expression changed remarkably in the course of his career. A similar change is notable in the portraits of Bismarck, if we compare those made when he was a Pomeranian squire with those of 1871 and 1891. And the Napoleon of Arcola Bridge bears little facial resemblance to the later Emperor of Europe. But this modification of the physiognomy is observable in case of American public men who are not to be compared with Bismarck or Napoleon in greatness, either intellectually or — what is more important — ethically.

While the typical European statesman proves hopelessly inadequate when faced by novel and unanticipated tasks and situations, this is not character-

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istically true of American statesmen. During the rapid development of the United States in the nineteenth century, its public men faced many extraordinary emergencies. Most of these leaders were persons of mediocre ability. Nevertheless, in nearly every case they dealt competently with the problem thrust upon them, and no one of them completely lost his mental or ethical equilibrium. . . .

We can predict with reasonable certainty how a European statesman will act, for he is intellectually and spiritually a final product. He reacts according to a calculable law. . . . One searches in vain the public career of a Bethmann, a Bülow, a Poincaré, or a Lloyd George for a surprising action. When such men suddenly reversed themselves, as did Bülow in the navy crisis of 1909, or Lloyd George when he began to preach a war to annihilate Germany, they were merely obeying an overwhelming surge of public sentiment. The Bethmann whom the Kaiser appointed Imperial Chancellor while taking his dog for a walk in the palace garden one pleasant morning, and thus made the constitutional head of the Empire, was precisely the same Bethmann who blurted out his guilt toward Belgium and made the contradictory, weak, conscience-stricken, futile speeches of the war period. And what man in the whole world would expect a surprise from Poincaré? His very name stands for a policy.

In America we find precisely the reverse. During the administrations of Roosevelt and Wilson, not only the masses of the people, not only the intellectual leaders of the nation, but even veteran and trusted public men, never knew precisely what the future policy of the Executive would be. A marked illustration of this is Wilson's change of front toward the war. The average European tries to reduce such men to a fixed formula, and having made up his mind as to the terms of that formula, he accuses them of dishonesty or hypocrisy if they deviate from it. Probably Wilson's mind wavered exceedingly, and when he finally cast the die for war, mystical motives and a feeling of personal injury played a part in his decision. Wilson broke his word and the word of his country at Versailles; but not, as is sometimes alleged, because he was a coward. He proved both before and after that event that he had the strength and the moral courage to stand up for his convictions in a crisis.

Roosevelt's unpredictability, his ambition, and his personal following finally made him a terror to his own party. As early as 1906 his attitude toward the trusts surprised even Carnegie. His political career from Taft's Presidency on, his attempt to found a third party, his coquetting between the Republicans and the Democrats, his ultimate political designs, remain today a puzzle, the key to which is to be found only in his unceasing personal psychic change.

Since the American statesman is always in process of evolution, he is apt to appear greater than he really is, and greater than his European colleague of equal or superior ability. Wilson and Roosevelt as individuals engaged the attention of the whole world, but whoever bothered about the personality of Bethmann? . . . In periods of little change, when conditions remain approximately uniform and static, the European statesman's consistency and trueness to predetermined type are an advantage, but in periods of crisis and rapid change the dynamic American statesman is superior. The American type is also superior when a man is suddenly lifted from another career to high position in the State. Such experiments in Germany have generally

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proved sad failures. Chancellor Cuno was perhaps the most striking example of this, but there are countless other cases of men drafted into public service from private life before, during, and after the war who proved incompetent in high office. Rathenau was an honorable exception. In America, on the other hand, the number of men who have been suddenly raised to eminence from the ordinary ranks of life and who have proved adequate in their new positions is remarkably large. Andrew Jackson, at one time a judge in a Wild West frontier-district, later the general who won the Battle of New Orleans, when elected President in his riper years proved himself a statesman of first calibre, who dealt competently with the sectional controversies of his time and liberated the national government from too close an alliance with the organized capitalism of the East. Lincoln, a practically unknown Westerner, a local politician and moderately successful but popular and conscientious lawyer in Illinois, became by almost a political accident the nation's President during the Civil War. This son of a poor pioneer-family, without the benefits of a higher education, proved himself in a few months a great statesman and the recognized leader of his people. He had a clear vision of the real significance and object of the war. His courage bore resolutely the moral shock of defeats and losses unparalleled in any other war of the latter half of the nineteenth century. No nation produced during the recent World War a leader to compare with him. Cleveland, the greatest American President between Lincoln and Coolidge, was originally an easy-going local politician with a legal training, a judicial mind, and a keen appreciation of the good things of life. But placed at the head of the Government he proved a leader who courageously defended the Constitution against the excesses of a petty and faction-rent Congress, and became the trusted confidant of the nation.

The typical European statesman lacks adaptability. He is helpless when faced by an unfamiliar situation, when the notions he has absorbed from his education and environment fail him and are no longer adequate for the contingency. . . . In America, even in England, it is regarded as quite natural for a man to change his opinion on a practical question. What is demanded is that a man should be true to his character as an individual. . . . So long as the root and stalk of the personality is sound, a man is trusted. The public is willing to believe that he has good reasons for changing his opinions. We, on the other hand, are inclined to regard intrusions into the personal life of a statesman as improper, but at the same time to think any deviation from his professed political creed proof of a defect in either his reasoning or his integrity.

Public men in America dislike dogma; it clouds their view of the essential facts of a given situation. They prefer to study these facts independently and not in their relation to general theories. When Americans pursue set policies, it is either in obedience to the pressure of special interests or in response to social doctrines so highly generalized that they seem meaningless phrases to the European. Where men commit themselves to policies beforehand, as they do in American electoral campaigns, these are determined by political expediency and not by personal temperament or conviction. Americans do not deal with a new question precipitately or piecemeal, in accordance with long-accepted principles; they attack it as a whole, assemble a great mass of statistical information and testimony regarding it, and guide themselves largely by this evidence. When they

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make a decision it is final; as they say, they 'have made up their mind.' This explains the obstinacy of American public men when they once adopt a position. But that obstinacy is not based on creed, it is not determined by general political principles, and if the evidence or the conditions change, they will review their decision and may modify it accordingly.

This statistical approach to public questions has far-reaching consequences in the general attitude of mind of the people who practise it. The American statesman is like an explorer who pushes his way steadily toward a distant goal through a dense forest. He is active, enterprising, aggressive, optimistic. But his range of vision is narrow; he seldom gets a broad view of the whole situation. What is merely accessory often seems to him vital. He fails to catch the connection between the remote and the near-by. Wilson described himself as a man with a single-track mind. This sometimes leads to disaster. The European statesman, in spite of his weaknesses, his incapacity, his cowardice, his unadaptability, is often saved by his broader grasp of principles and theories from such mischances. . . .

We come now to a comparison of the relative ethical results of the static conceptions of the typical European statesman and the dynamic conceptions of the typical American statesman. Ultimately, let us hasten to say, the ethical factor *per se* lies outside the static or dynamic quality of a political leader. . . . The European statesman at his best represents the highest ethical as well as intellectual culture: he has enjoyed the benefits of careful training from his nursery days, intensive study at the university, the advantages of wide travel, and initiation into the deeper philosophical problems of existence. When he is called to the guidance of a government, he already has a vital association with culture as a whole, including all its ethical implications, of which the American public man seldom has even an inkling. Compared with his European colleague, the American is in these things as ignorant and naïve as a baby. The European statesman of the better class descends to some extent from his normal philosophical level when he engages in political life. He views with aversion — yes, with repulsion — its shallowness and confusion. His own trained and disciplined mind shrinks from contact with the prejudices, ignorance, and benightedness of the masses. Recall Bismarck's disparaging, almost contemptuous, opinion of the parliaments with which he had to deal. And his opinion of the court and of the bureaucracy was not one whit better, as we discover in his *Thoughts and Memories*, though expediency taught him to be less frank in expressing it. The famous saying of an Austrian statesman, 'The world would be astounded if it knew with how little intelligence it is ruled,' is the utterance of an exceptionally gifted and highly educated man, who had enough culture in his little finger to feel repelled by the anarchy and obtusity with which he had to deal, and who realized keenly how much brain and discipline and culture the ruling classes must possess in order to prevent that anarchy from gaining the upper hand. . . .

The American statesman ordinarily starts from a decidedly lower level, if for no other reason than because he usually rises much more rapidly in his public career. He begins by navigating the dirty and turbulent waters of local politics, and only his superior energy, industry, skill, and character gradually carry him through to leadership. Superior self-discipline in dealing with the external facts of life usually implies

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a resolute ethical element in the heart of the man himself. This ethical selective principle is what gradually develops the statesman from the politician, and lifts the man who possesses it above the rank and file of those who permanently remain below him. But there is no absolute law of equivalence between a man's ethical nature and his personal and intellectual influence over his fellows. In other words, the dynamic force that certain ethical qualities release may expend itself in various fields of action. Consider the versatile one-sidedness and yet the average dead level of Roosevelt's dynamic life, and the descent of his energy in later years from a higher to a lower ethical potential. But compare Roosevelt's degeneration with that of Asquith. Even on a lower plane, far beneath the loftier levels of his own career, Roosevelt preserved his positive, constructive, formative vigor, while his European contemporary, though far superior to him in intellectual and ethical training, let his arms fall wearily beside him. This leads us to the important, indeed central, problem of responsibility.

We all know that Bismarck wrote into the Constitution of the German Empire the principle that the Chancellor was responsible only to his conscience and his God, and was not responsible either to his monarch and court, or to Parliament, or to any public tribunal. Bismarck knew what he was doing, for the real keystone of the imperial structure did lie in the personality of the Chancellor who controlled its destinies. He was the connecting link between the governing machine, the propelling democracy, and the autocratic monarchy. We are equally aware of what followed. Bismarck was succeeded by Caprivi, Hohenlohe, Bülow, and Bethmann, who conceived the principle of responsibility in a purely juristic way, as a term having a vague psychological and an impalpable legal meaning. Bismarck was, as we have said, an exception among European statesmen. To him the idea of responsibility was personal and concrete. To the typical European statesman it is juridical and formal. The latter seeks protection in his official acts to shield himself from unpleasant personal consequences; he holds strictly to precedent and keeps cautiously in the beaten path even when great emergencies imperatively call for boldness and initiative, and when to lack them precipitates sure disaster. Lord Grey, the British Foreign Minister in 1914, was neither diabolically malicious nor pitifully impotent, but he had a fault as bad as either of these — he lacked courage to speak out boldly and to supersede his instructions. Technically, decision as to war or peace lay with the British Parliament and not with him, but in reality Parliament was tied hand and foot by the policies of the previous decades and existing military agreements. Grey's ambiguous, wavering statements were interpreted at Berlin as committing the British Government to peace, and consequently its declaration of war came as a surprise. Lord Palmerston's remark at the time of the Crimean conflict, 'drifting toward war,' well describes the normal state of European policy. Contrast with that the clear-headed, clear-cut war-policies of the Bismarck era, or the quite different but no less powerfully impelled and constructively motivated wars of the United States, and one at once detects the difference.

A static-tempered statesman is therefore always in danger of conceiving his responsibility in a grave situation in the light of hard and fast legal, historical, or ethical precedents, although such precedents can never be binding in our ever-changing and unpredictable world.

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When great crises arise, this conception of responsibility proves totally inadequate and invites disaster; although it may serve excellently in periods of stable and uneventful progress.

An American statesman, with his positive personality, takes the responsibility imposed upon him as a personal trust. Beginning with Washington, every great American President — indeed, every eminent public man in American history — has held the seemingly undemocratic view that his responsibility was purely personal. He has answered for his acts only to his own conscience and to his own God with a definiteness that no European statesman ever exhibited. Repeatedly in great national crises this idea of personal responsibility has risen to the plane of religious exaltation, or something analogous, as in the case of Lincoln.

In conclusion, the typical European statesman personifies a self-contained political code, a final attitude toward the world, and a political programme harmonizing with it. An American statesman owes his position primarily to his personality; his political opinions are secondary. It is precisely because Americans dislike political generalizations and require a statesman to take a definite stand upon each separate public question — in other words, because they do not judge a statesman by his allegiance to a hard and fast political programme, but by the way he deals with the ever-changing problems presented to him — that the character of the man himself becomes of first importance. In case of the greater statesmen of America, this 'psychic mass' becomes tantamount to the man himself. Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, and to-day Coolidge, are such personalities, who, without art, without pose, without effort, stand as types of certain personal qualities.

A lesser man, like Roosevelt or Wilson, often develops personal mannerisms that the public either takes seriously and admires, or good-naturedly tolerates as excusable weaknesses so long as their possessor is popular — but uses to destroy him if favor turns against him. The Roosevelt pose and the Wilson pose are familiar to the whole world. But were these really poses? Roosevelt and Wilson were keenly conscious of the characters they were supposed to play upon the public stage. They could study those characters, if need be, in a thousand political cartoons. They knew the tactical value of emphasizing their personal peculiarities. The people expected this pose whenever they appeared in public, just as a man expects a certain make-up and manner in his movie hero. But the problem whether this is merely a pose lies deeper. There is another possibility — that these mannerisms reflect essential limitations of the person himself, which crystallize into fixed forms the moment he is exposed to the searchlight of public prominence. I believe this to be the case. These mannerisms and personal peculiarities are materializations of psychic qualities, and they manifest themselves at first unconsciously.

This typifying of the personality in individual mannerisms, and the intimate tie between these mannerisms and the core of the personality, are peculiar to the American statesman of second and lower rank. Statesmen of the first rank, like Lincoln, shed these mannerisms, so that the personality stands forth in its true aspect, without such accidental and meretricious trappings.

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PERSIA, LAND OF PERPETUAL DEFEAT

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, September* 21, *October* 7, *December* 10
(LIBERAL DAILY)

I SALLY forth during the brief coolness of a Bagdad morning down the long 'New Street,' past a big mosque with an ugly mosaic cupola flaunting bluish-green and yellow flower-patterns, to the open place at the edge of the city where horses and mules are offered for sale. I have decided to buy two mules and a little cart for my journey to Persia, which I propose to make by short stages from village to village and from caravansary to caravansary.

At length I discover two animals that combine the advantages of strength and endurance with the disadvantages of a Satanic temper, and a wheeled English military cart which was standing, covered with dust, in the courtyard of a Turkish wagon-maker.

The sun had just risen as we trotted out of the Bagdad oasis into a broad level plain without a tree or a clump of herbage in sight. Almost immediately the crowded highway vanished, and was succeeded by a mere trail of wheel-ruts and camel-tracks in the packed sand.

Hours passed and left no record as we plodded timelessly through the unending monotony of the landscape. Flats and dunes, flats and dunes, smooth and soft as polished Morocco leather, and now and then glittering like tin, extended as far as the vision reached. Mirages shimmered on the horizon. The heat was intense, but dry, and not as oppressive as in sultry Bagdad.

We stopped to rest at a little muddy watercourse, along which lay a tiny ragged oasis of cactus plants and coarse grasses. I had evidently reckoned our stages too optimistically. The mules, unaccustomed to these journeys, and apparently cherishing no confidence in me as a driver, proved balky and ugly. They affected extreme fatigue, lay back their ears, and looked back at me maliciously. Evening approached, and Baqubah, our first stopping-place, still lay beyond the coppery horizon.

At length I spied a wadi, or dry river-course, ahead. A ruinous village lay on the farther bank. It was not Baqubah, but its fallen walls and empty door- and window-openings testified to habitable country in the neighborhood.

In order to shorten the route, we left the trail and drove straight toward a cluster of palms visible on the horizon, only to be confronted by an impassable gully directly across our path. So we had to retrace our steps, after losing much valuable time. The sun had disappeared; a pale-green twilight, the translucent desert dusk, settled over the earth. We came to a railway, climbed a high hill, descended on the other side, made a circuit around a clayey mound, and crossed the railway once more. The dusk grew denser — not yet absolute darkness, but a heavy obscurity in which objects lost their forms. Our mules refused to go farther — they simply rebelled. They reared on their hind legs, lay back their ears, plunged forward a few steps at each smart cut of the whip, and then stopped short again.

Finally, after proceeding in this jerky manner for some distance, we came to a sentry-post, held by a couple of Arab

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soldiers, at the end of an extraordinarily high, narrow, shaky bridge over a chasm. At the bottom of the chasm rippled a river flowing toward the Tigris, and beyond it, in a dense palm-grove, Baqubah lay. We had to cross this bridge, although its slender supports and rickety construction inspired little confidence. My animals had had no experience with such a contrivance. All their viciousness and contrariness quickly changed to fear. They pressed close to the wagon-tongue and against each other. The left one stared anxiously to the left, the right one to the right. Thin wooden poles hardly three feet high formed the railings. If the animals should suddenly shy! In utter silence, except for the sound of the stream below and the rattle of our wheels over the loose boards, we slowly made our way across. Then we drove on for what seemed an interminable distance between the garden walls of Baqubah.

It was now quite dark. The men we passed looked at us silently and hostilely, and answered my inquiry for the caravansary with a short, unfriendly gesture. Now and then we passed a small group of idlers and heard a hissed '*Inglisi!*' With our English cart and harness they took us for Englishmen. Ever since the trouble in Bagdad a new wave of hatred for them has swept through the country. It was no use to explain that we were not English, for by the time we had made this plain to one man twenty others were staring angrily at us from a distance. In Egypt and Palestine Arab resistance to England is confined principally to the larger cities. Only occasionally have the villagers been shaken out of their dreamy indifference. But here in Irak that hatred is universal. One finds it in the remotest corners of the desert, and burning alike in the hearts of men, women, and children.

Storks were perched on every wall. Unnumbered stork-families clappered in the darkness — great antediluvian birds with a Satanic callousness toward everything in the universe except storks and frogs.

At last we emerged from the garden district into the town proper. What a peculiar atmosphere! It was acrid and biting. A person could not breathe it without coughing. Baqubah was wrapped in a cloud of smoke, for in every courtyard a mosquito-smudge was burning. Our mules dragged us wearily and slowly through the darkness under a dull, orange-colored moon. We trod narrow, ill-paved streets bordered by houses with barred windows. A tiny light glimmered in a side street. At the entrance hung a sign left from the time when Baqubah was occupied by English forces, bearing the words, 'Out of Bounds for British Troops.'

The caravansary! With some difficulty we persuaded the mules to enter the narrow, dark gate. We encountered here also a suffocating smudge. Wagons stood in the courtyard; men were moving hither and thither, but no one spoke to us. A glance at our English cart extinguished the first glimmer of Arab hospitality. I awkwardly unharnessed the mules myself.

Four days passed after leaving Bagdad — days of dragging through the desert, separated by sultry oasis-nights. At the end of the fourth day blue mountains appeared on the distant horizon — the mountains of Persia.

As I entered Teheran one July morning through a tall glittering gate of majolica tiles and faïence, every booth and window, every balcony and façade, was aflame with carpets, brilliant or pale, vivid or soft — a visible melody of Persian art. It was a holiday. The air was invigorating in spite of the heat.

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Soldiers in good uniforms and white summer-slippers were strolling through the broad, right-angled streets of the newer quarter. Thin robes of Arab cut, of almost transparent brown or black material, indicated the better class of promenaders. The common people were in their everyday clothing, — dull-colored caftans and black-felt caps, — but their faces were bright with holiday gayety. Skillful riders dashed past at a gallop on wonderful horses; and carpets, carpets, carpets, hung everywhere.

A miracle was being celebrated. A miracle that had occurred only a few days before — or was said to have occurred — had captured the attention of all Teheran, and had taken complete possession of the minds of the excitable Persians. A Bahai, a member of an heretical sect that every Shiite looks down upon with hatred and contempt, had insulted one of the numerous water-shrines in the city. These shrines are fountains with consecrated water and pictures of saints and martyrs. When the man insulted the shrine — according to reports — his eyes fell out of his head. Thus had the saint punished the heretic.

As a result the humble little fountain became famous overnight: 'The hand of God has revealed itself here.' Worshipers crowded to it in multitudes; women brought little children to sip the holy water. Finally the sick, the halt, and the blind were carried to the place. The blind recovered their sight as soon as the water was put to their lids; running wounds were healed under its blessed drops — at least that was popular report. Finally the higher clergy felt compelled to proclaim a three days' celebration in recognition of the fact that the will of the Lord had thus indubitably chosen between the believer and the unbeliever.

A man who studies the spirit of the East in its strongest and most matter-of-fact representatives, the Arabs, is likely to conclude that this particular world presents few profound spiritual problems. I mean that all the energies, aspirations, and spiritual experiences of the individual and of the community are concentrated upon the affirmation of their own existence, without seeking to explore the deeper mystery of the universe. But in Persia the 'spirit of the East' has an entirely different form, involving a mystical interpretation of the problems of existence An extraordinarily intense religious fanaticism characterizes the Persian and all his thoughts and acts — a disposition to interpret everything that happens as the work of dark, mysterious, or tragic higher powers.

The Arabs are pious, but their piety is of the common-sense and practical sort — more a matter of conduct and discipline than of transcendental theory. The Persian religiosity is basic and all-absorbing. This difference of religious psychology creates a fundamental division between Arab and Persian civilization, in spite of certain similarities in their externals. One race turns to mythology, the other to mysticism. . . .

'At bottom they are not religious,' a Persian who had spent his younger years in Europe said to me. He meant that a majority of his fellow countrymen merely made a hypocritical profession of religion in order to curry favor with a small but economically and politically powerful minority — the real believers, the clergy. I do not credit that. In the first place, it was the opinion of an Asiatic educated in Europe concerning Asia, and therefore unreliable; for the man of Eastern Asia knows nothing of himself, and if he has studied in Europe the effect is often to intensify his ignorance by

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a cloud of Occidental misconceptions. But assuming as an hypothesis that he was right, assuming that a whole people lives a consistent lie, none the less that lie has a powerful effect on its national life.

Melancholy is the most salient feature of the Persian landscape — endless vistas of uncultivated land, barren mountains, lonely villages of monotonous adobe houses, and occasional flocks of sheep driven to water at eventide in greenish-brown billows over the undulating plain. Even the cities borrow the character of the country. Their life is stagnant, without variety or beauty. One never hears music. If a hostler starts to sing some drawling melody of an evening at a caravansary people prick up their ears with surprise. The only street-singers are occasional dervishes who chant old tragic ballads, invariably about the first Caliph Ali and his two sons, Hussein and Hassan, and their bloody death. When a high priest announces a visit to a provincial town, it is the custom for everyone to don formal black to receive him, as if to attend a funeral.

Are the Persians a sad people? Perhaps not altogether; but they seem to enjoy their voluntary gloominess. Their mournful mood does not spring so much from distaste for life as from dislike of responsibility. A nation that loves to dwell upon tears and death has lived its day and is sinking into senility.

Every evening about sundown the people of the city squat like great, stupid, black birds on the banks of the little streams that run under the shadow of the luxuriant elms on either side of the principal streets of Teheran, silently contemplating the flowing water. Are they truly sad? Does the melancholy of centuries weigh upon them — a melancholy unknown to us modern Westerners? Are they sunk in that interminable meditation which we imagine the peculiar gift of the Oriental? Are they waiting for something to happen? If so, for what?

A thousand interrogations like these confront me. Here is a nation apparently engulfed in unsounded depths of indolence and apathy, whose people shut the door of their soul in the face of the foreigner, and who are condemned by him as lying and suspicious. But the lying is not malicious; it is merely the easiest escape from unpleasant possibilities. This national melancholy is the spiritual bond of the people, and its varying intensity and temper are distinguishing marks of the different local types of Persia.

Yet this melancholy — or it might be better called, perhaps, joyless passivity of mind — is not the true background of the Persian soul. At times we discover these people, with their dark, sad, half-veiled eyes, reacting in naïve merriment to some petty stimulus like happy children. They are a people whose energy has been exhausted, who no longer think of the morrow, who neither hope nor despair.

Islam! That is a short name for something great, brilliant, and often misunderstood in Europe. A gifted Prophet recognized one day that the cup of his nation's energy was overflowing, and led his people on a crusade. The teaching of the Prophet was concentrated upon self-discipline and upon keeping spiritual interests always to the fore. The Mohammedan's five daily prayers, with their strict and immutable form, were destined to be the symbol of the Arab for all time to come. We can understand this symbol only in the light of Mohammed's words explaining the exacting rites of his faith: 'The cult of the body leads to the cult of the soul.' Islam was therefore a creation of the Arab. It sprang

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from his nature and responded to his needs. When he carried his new faith to other nations, he did not modify it to suit them — he forced them to accept it precisely as he had made it.

Persia met this fate. She became Mohammedan. Her old Zoroastrian religion had long since lost its vitality, and was incapable of resisting the victorious invader. Persia therefore became Mohammedan without becoming Arabian, and this led to that inner contradiction which makes the Persian such a puzzle to-day. For Islam, unlike Christianity, is not international, is not revolutionary, but is exclusively Arabian and conservative. It was solely the vehicle for the outlet of Arab energy. Imposed upon a foreign nation with a great national past, it was like a secret poison, a daily reminder of the weakness of the convert, — no, the conquered, — steadily undermining his self-confidence and his faith in his own national dignity. That is what Islam has done to Persia.

The individual Persian feels like a man ejected from his inheritance. The historical continuity of his national life has been suddenly interrupted. An Aryan people whose spiritual structure was based on a broad and florid romanticism had imposed upon it the ethos of a nation of desert horsemen. The conflict that thus arose between the spontaneity and individualism of the Aryan and the rigid ritualism of the Semite manifests itself in an explosive release of suppressed forces — in fanaticism.

It may be objected that other nations accepted Islam without these unhappy results. But such instances are similar only in appearance. The ancient Turks, for example, received Mohammedanism without ever engaging in hostilities with the Arabs. They voluntarily adopted that faith — it was not forced upon them. At that time the Turks had no great history behind them. They were not compelled to repudiate their past, to break with their traditions and precedents. But the Persians, when they accepted Mohammedanism, by that act abjured their own past culture and their long heroic history.

Here lies a key to the misfortunes of the Persian nation since it accepted Islam. It requires no profound intelligence to comprehend that a people can become great only by evolving in the line their own inborn qualities predetermine. Diverted from that course and forced into a path of existence alien to their character, they lose heart and envisage apathetically their defeated destiny. And the sign of this in Persia is the melancholy that has become a national trait.

But what of to-morrow? Persia's to-morrow will not dawn until a Persian prophet arises — a pure, a clairvoyant, a powerful prophet, a Zoroaster of the future, who will shatter Persian Mohammedanism like a worn-out shell and give the people a new and truly native ethos. Until that happens there will be no reform, no political regeneration, no economic revival. For these things are but expressions of the self-confident vigor of a nation, and national self-confidence and vigor are impossible in Persia's present state of spiritual apathy and darkness.

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PAGSANJAN: AT THE END OF A PERFECT ROAD

BY WALTER ROBB

From the *American Chamber of Commerce Journal, November*
(MANILA TRADE MONTHLY)

[THE author is Secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce at Manila, and editor of the journal from which this article is taken.]

PHILIPPINE motor-car trips are generally made at too high speed. An obvious explanation of this is the circumstance that motor-cars are imported, and along with them motoring customs. There are certainly many roads in parts of the United States — desert and not nearly so well adorned by nature as this country universally is — whose chief charm is in their terminals. Such roads have the great virtue of ending, and commonly in some attractive city; and the aim, therefore, of the motorist is to put the road behind him and the city around him — the city to obliterate haunting unpleasant impressions, and a good warm bath to remove the desert grime. Such dismal travel induces the motorist, quite naturally, to speed from the gaunt and repelling embrace of the outdoors into the comparatively genial atmosphere of crowded city-traffic and the conventional if artificial comforts common to urban communities.

Through Nebraska, across the wide Dakotas or the weltering California valleys — speed, speed 'er for all she 'll stand! One monstrous red barn looks much like another; all are very red, very square, very prominently dull pieces of country carpentry. And as for Sacramento and San Joaquin and the Imperial, everyone knows there are well-defined limits above which the heat of the blood cannot be safely carried. Give 'er more gas — hurry!

Perhaps such circumstances, akin to the excitement of actually passing through Peoria or Marshalltown, have largely contributed to the exotic phases of our insular motor-habits. Motor-car manufacturers brag copiously of the speed per hour their machines can make, and drivers become either famous or notorious by wearing huge-cushioned tires off the cars in speed contests. Owners almost unconsciously become amateur competitors; and anyway, speed is almost definitely an attribute of the age. Besides, when there is still reserve-power under the hood, like mettle in a thoroughbred animal, the constant temptation is to bring it out and put it on exhibition — speed. When you have made the other chap eat your dust you have demonstrated superiority over his lumbering old wagon. Hooray! It pleases the girl, certainly, and may even influence the 'missus'. These motor necessities and conveniences of to-day, we must remember, were the rare and expensive luxuries of yesterday. In addition, speed itself is exhilarating.

The world speeds, and a motoring Philippines joins in the rout with all earnestness. The temptation is enhanced, no doubt, by the business men make of motoring from provincial points into Manila. At all the little towns and villages where one would naturally incline to linger and lend himself to the beauty all about him, people unfortunately live. As these

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matchless little places are their homes, they find them humdrum and flee from them frequently as fast as wheels will turn. The more prominent of these people, who therefore have the more powerful cars, have Manila business-errands awaiting them. They speed to appointments with bankers and business associates; in glum impatience they whirl along the hem of the green robe of Mount Makiling; and at a signposted point in the coco-broidered ruffle they are swished off and down into the valley.

The volcano, almost offended, fairly boots them away from its boundaries, and retires in a dudgeon behind walls of gray clouds. They have had, in fact, a ride through Wonderland; but creatures of the times they are, and they have thought busily through it all of far graver things than winsome landscapes and purling waterfalls tinkling in the rough jungle. The echo of their impatient motor-horn answers the mood of the mountain. The enchantment never dares or deigns to cross the graveled roadside. Our motorist in pursuit of a deal — prosaic but necessary things are deals — speeds on and on.

Quite all right all this; and assuredly the motor-car more than the fountain pen and the Pullman sleeper is the respectable servitor of commerce. It is no undignified world that is commercial, and all the world *is* commercial — at times. By perfecting commerce it is learning too to take leisure from commerce, by which deduction we begin to approach our particular objective. This objective is simply that our Philippine roads, save those of the Luzon valley in summer, when the stubble is parched, are quite too beautiful in themselves and too delightfully environed to be skimmed over in a maze of motor-speed and machine-rumble.

For instance, who would speed through Ireland? Yet even Ireland does not offer the traveler any natural beauty excelling that of the Philippines. This may explain something of what is meant. Still, too much loitering is as intemperate as too great haste. As it was the intention in this paper to motor to Pagsanjan Falls and back to Manila for late supper, it were as well to get really under way.

The fifteen kilometres out through Malate, Pasay, Las Piñas, and all the group of bay-shore places will not be rich at all in appearance or quaintness: —

> The great road from the city
> Goes sweeping on its way,
> And there is traffic in it,
> And many a horse and cart.

But at Las Piñas, at a challenging sign, 'The Forks Hotel,' the road leaves the shore and pushes toward the country: —

> . . . The little roads of Brefny
> Are quiet all the day,
> And the little roads of Brefny
> Are dearer to my heart.

If one will delve into the legends and folklore of the region we are now passing, on a gray smooth road that leads into the mountains, he shall discover stories equal in fancy and fable to those the poet limned in Irish Brefny. That is what I have to say on the side of leisurely travel in these islands. Just for the fun of it, since we have felt a hint of a thrill in the Alabang hills and are now closed in on either side by the lush of the broad Santa Rosa valley, let us stop a moment at the domestic-science department of the Santa Rosa public school. With a little diplomacy, most of which is manifested in a talk with the school principal, we shall have an instant welcome; and we can have some light refreshments from the kitchen. Making haste slowly, adroit

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inquiries sandwiched with fitting compliments will be rewarded with a recital of folklore either by the teacher, more accustomed and sophisticated, or by one or more of the senior girls copying the frankness of an elder sister in the University.

The spontaneity of this hospitality will spice the entire day, so on from Santa Rosa we now motor past equally neat but less pretentious places, past Canlubang and then upward imperceptibly through green-downed foothills until we hurry through the low sweep of the road past the Los Baños wireless station and get the first hint of steep climbing encountered before reaching San Pablo. Old villages with old churches and old campaniles milepost the distances, but beyond Los Baños the traveler who is really seeing and hearkening to his senses has eyes for nothing beyond the green-greatcoat shoulders of Mount Banahao and the plantations of coconuts.

These coconuts are everywhere, up the sides of scampering hills, cupped across the entire oval of sizable vales, stalking right out along the flat marshes that border Laguna de Bay; and through the legs of this tropical, high-capped soldiery of the husbandman glimpses of the lake are visible at vantage points on the ascending roadway. Elevation increases rapidly; the driver shifts gears — up, up, steadily, and then around a turn and *downward*, quickly, brakes on, hand steady at the wheel, and very neatly we pull up at the plaza of San Pablo. A third of the world's coconut supply comes from the Philippines, and a third, or thereabouts, of the portion from the Philippines comes from the region dominated by Mount Banahao, just in the immediate distance, of which region San Pablo is the centre and primary market.

Here, were there time, any merchant might explain with no little advantage to the lore of the traveler the customary commercial laws of the region and the part the Chinese general-store man plays in Philippine trade. The school principal certainly could.

From San Pablo into Pagsanjan, San Pablo being halfway point, landscape, lake-view, mountain, valley, and cloud and sky will be the same only more so. And not so much will be seen and sensed going up as to eliminate all thrills coming down. Best of all, homeward, will be one of those sudden, apparently dreadful but really harmless moods of the Philippine climate — a bank of cloud rolling up to hide the moon, baleful in shadow, and torrents of rain deluging grove and slope and ledge. Sit quietly back in the curtained car — the Filipino is a trustworthy driver—and note the lightning flashes laying out piecemeal the silvery way ahead, between the storm-bent palms. It 's downgrade too, mostly: 'there 's a long, long trail a-winding into the land of . . . dreams.'

The reason we went to Pagsanjan was to lunch at a quaint inn, enjoy fried chicken country style, bamboo-shoot salad, perhaps a Chinese dish or two, learn that the town has sent more young men and women to American universities than any other town in the Philippines outside of Manila, that it has always, for centuries, been a resort; and also to experience the reason for this — to manœuvre the rapids up to the falls and shoot them on the way down to the landing again. Pagsanjan Falls can be briefly defined as a bucolic poem. In these tumbling waters and in the gorge itself the utter wildness of nature in the tropics is succinct, but rather beyond ordinary description. The natives' name for the falls is prettier, betraying also their poetic perception. *They* call them *Talom Talahib*, because covering the prairies at the head of the falls, flanking the

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banks of the Pagsanjan River, are broad fields of pampas, for which their name is *talahib*. In bloom each blade of this rank growth bears a wandlike flower silver in hue, or catching the gray of the nun-hooded mountains. In the lightest breeze the bloom assumes an aspen motion. Upon a moonlit night a *talahib* field is nothing less than a troop of disciplined fairies executing silently a constant hosanna. A storm bows every head very low, and the flood piles mean débris about the roots; but in the morning once more all is bright, fresh, full of an unspoken, scarce-hinted seduction. A laughing herdboy plucks off a *talahib* wand as he trails his languid drove of *carabaos* off to the grazing-plots, and cocks it into the band of his hat to give himself an air and follow some heroic endeavor of a country lad's imagination.

There are no mean, unpleasant aspects to the Philippines outdoors, but every new prospect on every winding road is highly pleasing. The thatched hut sheltered by a bamboo clump, or in the midst of a coconut planting, simply belongs in the picture. Its neutral brown and weathered colors blend and harmonize with whatever makes up the whole scene. It is a great mistake for tourists or ordinary travelers to hasten their itineraries in these islands, which offer to the senses, to the soul, so much more than other places in the Far East. The thing to do is to determine upon a large leisure for any contemplated motor-trip, and to shorten the distances accordingly if necessary. Pleasure is enhanced immeasurably by contact with the people, something easily accomplished by visiting the public schools. Some invaluable reward flows from every contact with the hospitable peasantry.

On the return trip our tire puncture happened at Biñang. Figures strolled up through the twilight and merged into men and children willing to be of assistance. This was not required, but they answered questions. It was learned that general contentment prevailed because an unusually large rice-crop was assured, that this rice-crop was customarily divided equally between landlord and tenant, that the riches of the landlords were depended upon by the tenants, who during off-seasons borrowed on the credit of the coming crop. The landlords were very reasonable, — such is the naïveté of the peasant folk, — requiring only a peso and a half at harvest time in return for a peso loaned as much as three or four months before! The compensations of an old community with a settled culture kept young men from migrating to homestead regions.

By this time a new tire was on, and we resumed our homeward journey through the deepening dusk.

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THE MODERN WRITERS OF FRENCH PROSE

BY BERNARD FAŸ

From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires, July* 19
(PARIS LITERARY WEEKLY)

[M. BERNARD FAŸ was French exchange professor at Columbia four years ago. The present paper is the last of a series of eighteen entitled 'Panorama of French Literature since 1880.' *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* is a weekly literary newspaper, now in its second year, which deals chiefly with literary matters, but touches also upon other arts and the sciences.]

FRENCH prose, always sensitive to social influences, was inevitably upset by the war. In 1914 it reached a point where any future quest of merely agreeable sensations would inevitably be in vain. The war, with its train of brutalities and violences, forced it to seek sterner impressions. To no purpose did certain writers, like François Mauriac, endeavor with ingenuity and talent to effect a rather artificial revival of the cult of pleasure and emotion. To no purpose did others, like Pierre Benoit, seek to revive the novel of adventure. The public did not follow them, and their success, which had once been considerable, languished as compared with the triumph enjoyed by Henri Barbusse's novel *The Squad*, a book which had an accent rather than literary qualities, but which happened to be published at the right time. It was followed by a series of interesting but unpleasant works by Georges Duhamel, Raymond Dorgelés, and Pierre Hamp, all plainly marked by the moral and social ills that have afflicted us from 1914 until to-day.

Side by side with this group, a number of excellent writers struck off on the same path, with results that appear in the excellent books of J. R. Bloch, *L'Esprit Impur*, by Y. de Voisins, *Les Thibaut*, by Roger Martin du Gard, and *La Brière*, by Alphonse de Chateaubriant. Others invented a fantastic kind of naturalism from which Pierre MacOrlan and André Salmon succeeded in drawing some original effects. They almost founded a school, while on a less elevated plane Henry Béraud described *The Fat Man's Martyrdom* and the sad lot of *Lazare*. All these writers, although their qualities were extremely uneven, made an impression on the public and got themselves read; but none could impress his personality as a leader on the younger men. In spite of the formation of a group around the pacifist weekly *Clarté*, and in spite of undeniable popular sympathy with these authors, the naturalism and realism which they brought into our culture seemed no more than the manifestation — by no means original — of a tendency which is always present in our literature. But this teaching was not strong enough to put new vigor into our prose, already hampered by all the economic difficulties with which we struggled, such as the increase in the price of books and the impoverishment of the middle classes, not to mention the attitude of the poets, and the transformation of the French language.

Our language, as a matter of fact, was going through a terrible crisis. The war had changed the meaning of words, especially those dealing with feelings and ideas, and had altered the

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field in which French was spoken. Hitherto French, as the recognized diplomatic language, had been blessed with a circle of European readers who were fashionable (the upper classes of Russia, Germany, Poland, and Austria), bourgeois (the middle classes in the same countries), or commercial (chiefly in the Orient). The language, under the influence of those who spoke it, had turned toward the East. The long struggle of the war years closed these lands against us, or else political hatreds and the rate of exchange no longer permitted books to circulate.

In compensation the war gave us the immense Anglo-Saxon public. In the process of becoming mistress of the seas, banker of the world, and, by virtue of that fact, arbiter of peace, this race had now learned to love French, learned to speak it, and even learned to imitate our manners. Even while the Anglo-Saxons were winning their hegemony and imposing English as an international language upon commerce and politics, they were also taking up French as a literary language. The whole West opened to our professors and our literary men. At the same time there was an outburst of Americanism among ourselves. This new orientation of our tastes influenced our vocabulary, which was enriched by foreign words but lost its old sharp precision. As our poetry, with its daring methods, was slowly wrecking the traditional logic upon which the grammar of our country had been based, our writers of prose found themselves in a position of cruel embarrassment. The prose of the years before the war now had a hollow sound and gave a painful impression of lacking density, and yet it was not easy to invent a new instrument or adapt it suddenly to new usages.

There were writers who felt these changes in tendencies and requirements as speedily as the public, and who hastened to explore the new domains opening before them. Jean Giraudoux and Paul Morand, thanks to an amazing sensitiveness which they exploited with extreme cleverness, discovered a way of using images suited to our modern life and to our new situation as 'cosmopolitan aristocrats.' Giraudoux, vibrating alternately between America which he knew well and Germany which he also understood, wrote such charming books as *Suzanne et le Pacifique* and *Siegfried et le Limousin*. His easy grace, the generous and varied sensitiveness of his mind, all contributed to give him the position of an innovator. His friend and colleague, Paul Morand, succeeded still better. He was, perhaps, less gifted, but by virtue of a skill and intelligence which made up for this he gave a picturesque representation, at once modern and amusing, of our poor bleeding Europe. He even divined and experimented with what was to be the work of the future: to find beyond their merely picturesque aspects the common ideas and fundamental differences which form the true values of all the rival and yet related civilizations of our day. He threw off more comparisons, more anecdotes, more bits of wit, more pictures, than any other young writer. One may be sure that he will remain one of the most typical story-tellers of our time; for if he has any weakness, it is his excess of cleverness, which causes him to see too clearly the characteristics of the moment and to link everything he writes to the passing moment with dangerous intimacy.

Side by side with these writers we find a very distinguished group whose purpose is similar — the rejuvenation of French prose — but who seek to accomplish it by a different method. They wish to start with modern poetry and to carry its methods and its tend-

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encies over into prose. Their best tool is their deliberate use of the intelligence as a means both of simplifying and of creating. You may see its trace in M. Jacques de Lacretelle's *Silbermann* and in *L'Équipage* of M. Kessel, two books which are both powerful and clear. The same light gleams in the pages of *Thomas l'Imposteur*, by Jean Cocteau, whose soberness and vigor I greatly admire. Finally, there are two young writers who have succeeded better than anyone else in this difficult undertaking. A. Aragon in his *Anicet* has treated the external world as a theme capable of being understood and described in widely varying fashions, and thus he has written a modern fairy-story which is a triumph of the imagination. Raymond Radiguet, unfortunate child of genius, has been able to create a sublime psychology of the will in his *Diable au corps* and *Le bal du comte d'Orgel*. Everything in these books is fiction, everything is the author's choice, the whole effort is to create a world of the imagination, not to reproduce something already existent. The plan of introducing the unrestrained whim of the author even into the depiction of character is a *tour de force* which promised marvels, but death ended Radiguet's career at a moment when he was on the verge of winning a public for himself. Others will continue and will gain the benefit of his efforts. They will be aided by those publishers who seek to do away with the misunderstanding of the present by revealing to the masses the best and most daring of our contemporary authors. If they succeed, they will thus have brought French prose back once more into its true milieu — that is, the French nation — without diminishing its world-wide influence and that sincere inspiration which constitutes its highest dignity.

It is not an easy task. Our prose-writers, triumphing over the public's indecision and the disorder of the modern mind, must impose a dictatorship of their own, for to-day we badly need a vocabulary, a new definition of the universe, and an original psychology. It is not enough to begin over again, for just as the Frenchmen of the period from 1630 to 1660 reached agreement by the vigorous use of their reason and their wills, so to-day only a daring, resolute — one might say an heroic — imagination can rally all the minds whom senses no longer convince or satisfy and whom reason wearies.

If the generations of to-day do not fail in this, they will deserve to be called great, for they face an overwhelming task. Their mad desires, their innumerable needs, the ruin on every hand, everything in them and around them, seems like a conspiracy against them. Shall we Frenchmen succeed in satisfying ourselves and creating for the world the literature that it expects from us? In spite of all the loss that death has caused us, in spite of misunderstandings, boredom, ridicule, I venture to affirm that we shall succeed.

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FORGOTTEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

From the *Saturday Review, November* 22
(London Tory Weekly)

[Mr. Geoffrey Dearmer is an English writer whose attainments range from the editing of textbooks in the Russian language to the scribbling of amusing satirical verses for the daily and weekly press. In the brave days a year or two ago when G. K. Chesterton's *New Witness* was uproariously testifying to the excellence of roast beef, the depravity of total abstainers, and the rest of the 'Chester-Belloc' creed, Mr. Dearmer was a frequent contributor.]

'Children's Forgotten Books' is a more accurate but less musical and less comprehensive title, though the children *at* whom Mrs. Elizabeth Turner wrote her Cautionary Tales in the beginning of the nineteenth century are as forgotten as those *for* whom Mr. Belloc wrote his in the beginning of the twentieth. Mrs. Turner survives in Mr. Laurence Housman's *New Child's Guide to Knowledge*. To that 'Cautionary Dame' his work is dedicated, as it should be, for without her it never would have been written. It is difficult to overestimate Mrs. Elizabeth Turner's influence. Her works, all of them, — *The Daisy, The Cowslip, The Pink, The Rose*, and others, for she was a prosperous poetess, — have, like *The Young Visiters*, that rarest of qualities — unconscious humor. There is all Queen Victoria between *The Daisy* and *More Beasts for Worse Children;* the distance seems infinite.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century books were written for children ostensibly to instruct and edify, actually to keep them quiet. They were aids to parents in the art of repression. *The Good Boy's Soliloquy, containing his Parents' Instruction relative to his Disposition and Manners*, strikes the sombre note in the opening couplet: —

> The things my parents bid me do
> Let me attentively pursue.

In the *Instructor and Guide for Little Masters* even a hoop becomes a daily round. Underneath an engraving of two boys bowling hoops this chilling paragraph points the moral: —

> Think this to be the wheel of fortune, and thou engaged with labor and industry to keep it turning to thy good liking. Its roundness instructs thee that there is no end to a man's care and toil: that we enter upon life with uncertainty, and must improve every incident with prudence, diligence and anxiety.

Cricket is called 'A manly exercise! But full of admonition.' 'Upon the whole,' continues the essay on the play at Cricket, 'when you take a batt in your hand, imagine yourself at the rudder of fortune.'

Of Cricket in *Youthful Sports* (1801) we read: —

> It must be allowed to be good diversion, and is of such note, that even men frequently divert themselves with it(!)

Cricket is again referred to in *Sports of Childhood* (1813) in these laconic terms: —

> Cricket is a game played not by boys only. . . . The wicket consists of two

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pieces of wood fixed upright and kept together by another piece. In Marylebone parish there is a celebrated cricket ground much frequented by noblemen and gentlemen. Many windows and valuable looking-glasses have been broken by playing cricket in a room.

The author of this paragraph is obviously not interested in the game; he is interested only in the glass case over the stuffed owl in his reader's parents' parlor. One can also safely infer that he has never been to Lord's. Such works, sterile though they be, are at all events simple. But morality was the great mission of the age, and morality was a complex. *Moral Songs, for the Instruction and Amusement of Children, intended as a companion to Dr. Watts's Divine Songs*, runs through the virtues not without muddle. Here, for instance, is the 'Danger of Mispending Time,' a lyric, unconsciously to disprove which Fabre lived and labored: —

How craftily the spider weaves,
And draws her slender threads!
Yet sudden chance her hopes deceives,
And spoils the nets she spreads.

Let me not spend my precious hours
In *trifling works* like these;
But still employ my active pow'rs
In what may truly please.

The italics are mine.

At the mention of the word morality the spectre of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner rises. All through the first half of the nineteenth century her terrifying little books with their innocent flower-titles were bought by the thousand by parents, if not by children. Mrs. Turner, with a shrewd eye to business, advertises the infinite joy of books (that is, of *her* book) in a work of her mature years — *Short Poems for Young Children*. Two exemplary children are given a shilling each. Mrs. Turner swoops upon them, and one says: —

These two bright shillings I suppose
Will buy *The Cowslip* and *The Rose*,
And when two more I get, I think
I 'll buy *The Daisy* and *The Pink*.

Again, in *The Daisy*, little Eugene has asked innocently enough if a daisy is not a flower: —

'You are right,' said papa, with a smile, 'but you 'll find
The Daisy a book, my boy, too,
Containing short tales for the juvenile mind,
And adapted for children like you.'

Little Eugene, presumably, rushes out and buys *The Daisy*, hoping perhaps to find in the book some lyrical reactions to the flower. Being exemplary, he opens the book at page 1 and finds 'The Giddy Girl' who 'would go to a very deep well to look at the water below': —

One morning, intending to take but one peep,
Her foot slipped away from the ground;
Unhappy misfortune! the water was deep,
And giddy Miss Helen was drown'd.

But the gem and epitome of *The Daisy* is 'Politeness': —

Good little boys should never say
'I will,' and 'give me these.'
Oh, no! that never is the way,
But, 'Mother, if you please.'

And 'If you please,' to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready,
And 'yes, sir,' to a gentleman,
And 'yes, ma'am,' to a lady.

The Juvenile Spectator, by Arabella Argus, and Mary Elliot's *Early Seeds* and *Flowers of Instruction* were among the most read of these moralities. Mrs. Turner evidently preferred girls. She wrote for the mother whose object in life was to bring up

A daughter, who in early days,
Maternal tenderness repays.

But the most valuable poem of the period is Mary Belson's 'My Sister.' Here are specimen stanzas: —

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Who saw me mount the Rocking Horse,
And then stood by, to check its course,
Lest her dear boy should get a toss —
My Sister.

When up the ladder I would go
(How wrong it was, I now well know)
Who cried, but held it fast below?
My Sister.

Once, too, I threw my top too far,
It touched my cheek and left a scar.
Who tried to hide it from mumma?
My Sister.

But Mrs. Turner was made of sterner stuff, and when Mr. Laurence Housman's Prunella is made to recite, —

Bird, beast and girl awake to run
Their daily rounds beneath the sun.
Shall I alone neglect to ask
The frightful question, 'What 's my task?'

it is Mrs. Turner, not Aunt Prun, who corrects her 'frightful' to 'vital' with a frown.

But surely Prunella was right?

LOVE AND THE MIDDLE-AGED NOVELIST

BY SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

From the *Adelphi, November*
(London Literary Monthly)

Is there nothing else novels can be written about except love — sex feeling? Must it be the same thing daily, yearly, through the generations and through the centuries? Must the imaginative literary artist who is nauseated by a mere ready-made phrase devote his whole existence to the exposition of a ready-made theme? Is love as inevitable in a novel as the beginner's opening and reply of pawn to king four in a game of chess? Think how painful it must be to the ordinary middle-aged novelist to have to write all the time about love. It was well enough when he began writing. In those days he was young and love interested him. Even after he was married there was still for a while one aspect of it or another that seemed to him worthy of consideration. . . .

But now he is, alas, middle-aged. He is — but for a certain habit of irritation — a good family-man, interested in his children's education, his wife's clothes, his collection of china, the cost of living, indigestion, the servant-question, the-housing-problem, gold handicaps, the state of the share-market — and what must he needs spend his bitter days doing? He must write, poor man, about love.

Love! He is sick of the sound of the word. It has n't thrilled him for the last ten years. The jejune emotional reactions of people under thirty bore him utterly. He cannot bear to write about them. He wishes to heaven he had never elected to be a novelist — that, with his talents, he had become, instead, a financier or a Cabinet Minister.

For then he would not have had to sit like this, flagellating his weary impulses, his aged memories, his rebellious pen, to a show of ardor. He would not have had to pretend, unfortunate hack, that he was the war-horse in

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Job. He would not have had to write the sort of thing that should make any other kind of man feel a perfect ass in the sight of his friends; that only the status of his recognized artistic temperament can excuse; that causes a continual coldness of suspicion to exist between him and his wife, and embarrasses him in the presence of his decent, cricket-playing young sons.

Is it really true, he asks himself, that in all this great world there is only one human problem that people of both sexes and all ages care to read about? Desperate ideas come into his head of forming a union of middle-aged authors and middle-aged readers and going on strike.

He remembers what Samuel Butler said: that the author who writes for success must keep in mind the fact that — not counting specialists — his chief reader is the person between twenty and thirty years of age; and he sneers bitterly to himself: 'No wonder. Why should people over thirty want to read the stuff we write? Of what possible importance can it be to them?'

And he begins, our author, to rebel. If he must write about love, very well then, he will write about the sort of love that is n't too far away from his own experience. He will situate his problem where its complications are sufficiently appropriate to himself — that is, in circumstances resembling, as nearly as possible, his own: in maturity and matrimony. He will play with the illusion that even the married and middle-aged are not without the hope of romance.

He knows well enough, as he sits there sweating over his triangular problems, that it is not so easy as one might think, after taking a course in novel-reading, for the average woman to find a man willing to ruin himself for the sake of snatching her away from her husband; he is, indeed, of the opinion that she ought to be thankful to keep the husband she has, considering how hard girls are finding it since the war to achieve matrimony at all.

But it can happen, of course; it does happen, — even an elephant man happens, — and to the chance and to the possibility he pins himself, and writes one more version of the Guinevere-theme.

And that is the real reason why novels these days are moving away from the simple ardors of the unwed, and why heroes and heroines are no longer so young as they used to be. Neither is their author so young as he used to be. And although his pioneering days are past, and although he dare not suddenly, after all these years, dispense with love, he will, at least, have this poor satisfaction: he will make the wretched old emotion conform to his own middle-aged use for it.

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THE OLD FOGIES' CLUB

BY ISO VELIKANOVICH

From *Srijemske Priče* (Stories of Sryem)

[ISO VELIKANOVICH is a Yugoslav writer who specializes in the life of the Croatian village. The volume from which this story is taken is devoted entirely to life in the Balkan version of the genus 'small town.']

FROM early summer till late fall the Old Fogies' Club — thus called by us non-members and ineligibles — met daily at eight in the morning and adjourned at noon, and not infrequently met again at two or three in the afternoon to remain in session for the rest of the day. But to-day, I grieve to report, the Club exists no longer. The bench in the little park on which the Club used to meet is still there, and all the former members are still alive, yet the Club has been abandoned. The bench stands vacant, and anyone at all who happens to come along is free to sit upon it — which is not in the least the way things used to be.

Anto Tankosich, a retired police-lieutenant, was, by virtue of his seniority, the president of the Club, and he was usually the first to arrive in the park every morning, seat himself on the eastern end of the Club's bench, and there await the arrival of the others. Next to come was ordinarily Tomo Sarsich, a retired school-teacher, who would plant himself next to the president; then Ilko Bisich, an ex-government official, who would take the western end; and finally Tanacko Trivich, a former merchant, for whom Tomo and Ilko would make room between themselves.

When all four of them, representing some three hundred years of life among them, were present, the meeting opened. Ordinarily it opened with silence — that is, with silence and meditation.

The least talkative of the four was old man Ilko, while Tomo, as compared to Ilko, was a veritable chatterbox. Ilko, as a rule, was not feeling any too well mornings, and his chief if not only function at these meetings was that of listener and occasional mumbler of indistinct words and phrases, to which the others paid scarcely any attention. They say that some years before he too had occasionally had something to say, but by the time this story opens he apparently had nothing left unsaid, and so, either by necessity or choice, kept silent. Tomo, on the other hand, always had something to talk about. If Anto and Tanacko sat silent too long to suit him, then it was Tomo who opened the conversation, although he was the junior member of the aggregation; and if the other two made no remark or no answer to his opening observation, Tomo had recourse to some other topic, and if necessary still another, until he evoked a response at last, and thus started the ball rolling, as the saying is.

When it occurred to Tomo that the group had been sitting silent long enough, he cleared his throat, nodded his head, tapped with his stick on the cobblestone between his feet, and then looked at one of his two more or less communicative fellow members.

'A queer dream I had last night,' he began. 'I dreamed that I was

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sitting here on this bench, pulling feathers out of a goose. What do you think of a dream like that, eh? What do you suppose it might mean?'

'It might mean,' answered the former merchant, 'that it is n't any too sensible to eat supper when a man gets up in years.'

But Tomo shook his head. 'Nothing in that — nothing at all. If a man did n't eat and drink, he would n't last long, let me tell you.'

'Drink, yes,' said Tanacko. 'That 's all right, even evenings. But eat — no, no!' shaking his head.

'What, do you still drink evenings?'

'Yes, I do,' responded Tanacko defiantly. 'It does n't do *me* any harm.'

'You just think it does n't.'

'I know it does n't,' snapped Tanacko, at the same time suspecting that quite probably the two or three glasses of wine he was wont to drink every evening might be harmful to him after all.

Then there followed another period of silence, and Tomo glanced right and left to discover something promising to start a conversation about.

'Who 's the young fellow with that girl?' he inquired as a young pair came by.

'Who 's the girl?' asked another.

'Don't know,' said Tomo. 'Looked kind of familiar at first, but I can't place her now.'

'Don't know either of them' — this from Tanacko, while Ilko mumbled something none of them understood.

Then perhaps some acquaintance of either one or the other would come along, lifting his hat to them.

'Wonder where he 's bound for, eh?' Tomo would ask.

'Why did n't you ask him?' Ilko would mumble.

'To his office, I reckon' — this from President Anto, decisively.

And again they would sit silent for a while.

Thus they spent the whole forenoon of every day. They watched people going and coming, wondering and guessing whither and whence, speculating upon this and that and the other thing. They called over children who played near by and asked them whose they were, after which they fell to discussing the children's parents and the parents' forbears. Or they talked about women's clothes, the prices thereof, and passed observations upon the ever-changing styles. The park itself was a daily topic. They criticized the park-keeper, who, they said, was not watering the lawns as frequently as he should, and who was none too diligent in his care of the trees. Then one of them would suggest that they each give a penny and then toss up to see who should give the fifth penny, making the price of a newspaper. Tanacko, who had the best eyes, read the paper aloud, after which they discussed the news of the day, usually declaring that most of it was untrue, not worth the cost, and that, to come right down to facts, they could turn out better stuff themselves. Tanacko then turned to the advertisements and the death, wedding, and birth announcements. The four of them knew practically everybody in town, and there was hardly ever anybody married or buried they did not know, or at least someone who was more or less closely affected by or interested in the event. In a word, they concerned themselves in practically everything that moved or was immovable, that was or was not. Yet to-day the Club is a thing of the past!

Tomo was wont to meditate aloud upon the various aspects of their meetings in the park. He often said that they were an important factor in the community — an opinion with

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which Anto and Tanacko readily agreed. It seemed all but inconceivable that any of the members should ever die or that the group should ever disintegrate as it eventually did.

The Club broke up in the performance of its duties. It died a sudden death upon the field of its public activity.

One morning Anto, the president, left his house, for one reason or another, an hour or so earlier than usual. He strolled up the board walk along the river bank, making six hundred and sixty-six steps, and then strolled down the board walk — this time making only six hundred and sixty-four steps; after which he turned into the park and sat upon the eastern end of the 'Club' bench.

He looked at his watch. Just seven o'clock! It was early, and the others would probably not appear for an hour or more yet, so *gospodin* Anto settled down to wait for them and, meantime, perform the duties of the Club single-handed. He turned to the right to see who was passing there, exchanged greetings with a couple of acquaintances, and then turned to the left to observe what was transpiring in that direction. But as he turned he almost gasped. What he saw was not only extremely unusual, but altogether impossible, inconceivable.

There, almost in the middle of the bench, where Tanacko usually sat, reclined a youth, his legs crossed, swinging his cane, and whistling!

The president, amazed, — nay, even flabbergasted, — screwed his face into an expression of intense displeasure and fixed his wrathful gaze upon the youth. Ever since the Club had existed — and that was a good many years by this time — no outsider had dared to sit upon this bench when a member of the Club was in sight. Anyone happening to sit there would, upon the appearance of the first member, hastily rise and properly remove himself to another bench or stroll away. According to the unwritten law of the park, the bench belonged to the Old Fogies. It was a tradition. They were an institution. And now this brazenfaced young fellow!

President Anto crossed and recrossed his legs, attempting to shrivel the intruder with an angry glare, but the youth was entirely heedless, indeed unaware, of him, swinging his cane and whistling a rather gleeful tune. Then, all of a sudden, the young man leaped to his feet and was off in a hurry. The president watched, and saw him go straight to a young girl who had just a moment before come around the corner. He had been waiting for her. Yes, that was it; he had been waiting for her. But who was she? Anto, rather shortsighted, could not tell from the distance. She looked very young. She and that brazenfaced cub had apparently arranged to meet there. Her mother had perhaps sent her to the market, and now look what she was doing! That was what children were like nowadays! What could you expect from them? What was the world coming to?

He could scarcely wait for the others to come so that he could tell them how their bench had been sat upon by an impudent outsider, a mere youth, and how impossible the younger generation was getting to be.

The following morning the president came to the park a little later, at about half past seven, and as he approached the bench his astonishment at what he saw there well-nigh overwhelmed him. There sat the same young man again, his legs crossed in an outrageous fashion, whistling — and worse yet, he was sitting upon the eastern end of the bench, the president's own end of it!

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Anto's progress benchward was temporarily suspended, but after a while he regained sufficient control of himself to proceed.

'I 'll tell that youngster where to head in,' muttered the president, advancing with determination toward the young man. 'We 'll see whose bench that is!' But before he got to him, the youth jumped up and dashed across the street where that same girl was again waiting for him on the corner.

The president stood there, watching the young pair, and the sight of them disconcerted him even more than it had the day before. So they were meeting regularly, were they, eh?

When the other three members arrived the president immediately voiced his complaint, whereupon it was decided that on the morrow the entire membership would assemble on the spot an hour earlier, so that they might all see the youth and the girl, if they should meet again, and then act accordingly.

Even before seven the next morning the Club was on hand. The president gave a fresh account of the two unheard-of occurrences, and the Club decided to do everything in its power to retain its rights in the park and, furthermore, go to the bottom of the young couple's affair.

'You watch for him, Anto,' said Tomo, 'and point him out to us.'

'Ha, there he is!' whispered Anto a moment later, as the young man appeared from behind a grove and went to a bench about ten feet from theirs.

The united Club contemplated the youth.

'Who is he?' asked Tomo. 'Anybody know him?'

No; neither Anto nor Tanacko knew him; and Ilko only mumbled something. The young man was an unknown person, perhaps a recent arrival in town, a vacationist.

'What shall we do?' — from Tomo again.

'We should report him to the police,' answered Tanacko, 'and ask them to inform him that this is our bench and that he should stay off it.'

'No,' the president shook his head; 'that may not be necessary. Let us first tell him ourselves. However, the matter of the bench is not all; we should get to the bottom of his affair with the girl. We don't know who she is, but the chances are that she is someone here in town, while he, apparently, is a stranger.'

Yes, that was even more important than the bench. The girl must be protected from this apparent stranger. But as these four old men weighed the matter in their heads, the young stranger on the adjoining bench rose abruptly and hurried across the street.

'There he goes now!' cried Tomo, who first saw him rise.

'And that 's the girl on the corner there,' said Anto.

'She ought to be ashamed of herself carrying on like this,' observed Tomo, at which Anto nodded his head, while Ilko mumbled something. Tanacko, however, said nothing. He was watching the young pair on the corner with a pair of intent, interested eyes.

'You stare at them like a stork at an egg,' said Tomo, resenting the fact that Tanacko had not agreed to or even commented upon his observation on the girl's behavior.

'Maybe he 's fallen in love with her himself,' smiled Anto. 'You know the saying: "No fool like an old fool."'

Tanacko seemed not to hear them. Then, as the boy and the girl walked away, he looked at Tomo.

'You did not recognize her, Tomo?' he asked.

'No, I can't see that far,' said Tomo. 'Did you?'

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'Yes — she — er — ' Tanacko hesitated.

'What 's the matter with you?' demanded President Anto. 'Who is she?'

Tanacko gave Tomo a long, intent look; then said: —

'Well, if you want me to tell you, she is your niece, Tomo — asking your pardon for saying so.'

The bench seemed to sway under Tomo. And as for the rest of the Club, their situation was difficult, to say the least.

'My niece?' gasped Tomo, puckering his bushy eyebrows and plucking at his moustache.

'Yes,' said Tanacko, wincing in his seat.

'It can't be!'

'Well, I saw her,' persisted Tanacko.

Tomo glared at his neighbor.

'You old fool, you! You 're either seeing things, or — or you lie!' exploded Tomo.

'Lie — you dare say I lie and call me a fool, you miserable bag of bones!'

Both Tomo and Tanacko shook from anger, and would have come to blows had not President Anto interceded at this moment.

'Now, Tomo! Now, Tanacko!' he pleaded, trying to pour oil on the troubled waters. 'Is n't it possible, Tanacko, that you were mistaken? Maybe it was another girl who looks like Tomo's niece.'

'No, I was n't mistaken!' shouted Tanacko. 'And I don't see what you have to do with it!'

'All right, now,' said the president softly. 'You were right, then; in which case the whole thing can be set right, Tomo, by your taking hold of the situation and giving your niece a strong talking-to, or maybe a good spanking.'

'I don't need you to tell me what to do and how to do it!' Tomo flared back at Anto. 'I 'll talk to my niece or spank her whenever I think I should, and not before — see? You keep your nose out of my affairs, you understand.'

President Anto perceived that anything he could say or do would only aggravate the difficulty, so he rose and stalked away.

And now all at once the silent Ilko spoke up.

'That 's true, Tomo — true,' he said.

'What 's true?' demanded Tomo, his eyes bulging at Ilko.

'That was your niece, all right; I saw her myself,' said Ilko.

'You 're another liar! You keep your mouth shut for months and months and then you open it to say a lie.' And Tomo walked away, grumbling and grunting.

Tanacko and Ilko, the two remaining members, looked at one another.

'We are right,' said Ilko after a while. 'You saw her and I saw her. I knew about her meeting with this boy before; but what of it? I know the boy, too — Dr. Krajich's son, a university student, and not a bad sort at all.'

'Why in the world did n't you say something about it before?' demanded Tanacko.

'Why should I?' returned Ilko. 'They 're young, and to my way of thinking they have the right to meet if they want to. It 's none of our business.'

'Yes, but if I had known it before I would n't have spoiled the whole thing now. It 's all your fault.'

'Well, if it 's my fault, I 've no regrets. You fellows, especially that chatterbox Tomo, have been giving me a pain, anyway, sticking your noses into everybody's business, like a bunch of old women, and I 've been waiting for a long time for a chance to break

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away from this silly old bench. This is as good a chance as any I'd probably ever get. Good-bye!' And Ilko stalked off.

Such is the dismal tale of the disintegration of the Old Fogies' Club. The former members still come to the park every morning about eight o'clock and sit there until noon, but each has a bench to himself. The former president occupies a seat in the northern section of the park, Tomo one in the western, Ilko keeps to the south, and Tanacko to the east — while the old bench is now vacant, and free to be sat upon by anybody at all who happens along.

AN ENFANT TERRIBLE OF LITERATURE

BY GEORGE SAMPSON

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, November 22*
(London Popular Weekly)

Samuel Butler died in 1902 at the age of sixty-six, with all his future behind him. So at least it seemed at the time. That one talent which it is death to hide had been lodged with him useless — or if not useless, then with the smallest percentage of profit.

Of the talent itself there could be no doubt. The amount of irritation or indignation he had produced in many bosoms, eminent or egregious, proved that Butler, like Charley's Aunt, was no ordinary man. Few of us suffer fools gladly; but it is not the fools who provoke our fiercest expressions of annoyance. What makes us so cross with the clever people is that we want to think them fools, and can't. Certainly no one could think Butler a fool in the intellectual sense; but still, though it is entirely wrong to suppose, with some youthful critics, that Butler was ignored or neglected in his lifetime, he certainly had never been given the place in contemporary letters to which his great gifts entitled him.

He had fought hard and honorably against several intellectual vested interests, but he had not been victorious in any engagement. His foes were dislodged from none of their entrenchments. He died undisgraced, but he died defeated. He had n't even the usual ragged regiment that gathers round almost every rebel leader. There were neither Butlerites nor anti-Butlerites in 1902; there were merely a few keen and appreciative readers.

How can we explain this tragedy of a talent? The first reason for his failure is one that is beyond reason. Butler belonged to the mysterious band of unlucky authors. It does not require a high degree of superstition to recognize that, in some occult way, certain people are lucky and certain people are unlucky.

Butler himself was very lucky in some things. He had a bishop for a grandfather, which is much better than having one for a father. The relationship has the right degree of remoteness.

Then Butler was sent to a famous public school, and afterward to one of

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the best colleges at Cambridge. He had experience of life in two colonies. Further, he had a competence which, if small, was enough to enable him to live a sort of collegiate life in London, unembarrassed by either poverty or riches. At no time did he have to sell himself to daily labor. He had always the means to get his work published, and never had to endure the protracted misery of wooing editors and publishers.

As an author Butler was unlucky. There is no doubt that lack of recognition affected him deeply — possibly much more than he recognized. His tendency to deride certain established reputations was a form of resentment. All the satirist in him was moved by excesses of worship and neglect, and he looked on the idols of the market place with eyes not merely critical, but faintly tinged with green. Further, his critical power, narrow in range, but extraordinarily penetrating, found out at once the weak spots in famous reputations or institutions, so that he had plenty of chances as well as desires for destructive mockery.

Unlike Anatole France, another great satirist, Butler was rarely kind, and sometimes cruel. Looking at mankind with the eyes of Anatole France we see illusions, deceptions, and follies, but we see something to love as well as to laugh at. There is nothing genial in the humor of Butler.

What he gives us is not an exposition of humanity, but an exposure. His work contains more felinity then felicity. Even his admirations — as excessive as any bestowed by the 'fool multitude' on its idols — had something left-handed about them. His admiration of Shakespeare was a stick with which to beat Milton and Wordsworth, and his love of Handel gave him an excuse to belittle Bach and Beethoven.

Butler was, in fact, the son of his father. His childhood was made wretched, not by positive physical cruelty, but by the worse crime of brutal repression, obtuseness, and lack of sympathy.

He did not come to his growth unaffected by ancestry or environment. The narrow theological pietism of the father became in the son an equally narrow intellectual and æsthetic pietism.

But, as we have said, it was in art and letters, not in religion, that he exhibited his narrowness. Thus, he loved Handel, not simply, as many people do, but aggressively, and with an exclusive adoration. He wanted nothing but Handel, and wanted other people to want nothing but Handel. We could accept his hero-worship of a great musician as an amiable and unreprehensible eccentricity. We might even pardon — though this is hard — his description of Bach's 'Matthew Passion' as 'one of the dreariest, most untuneful, undramatic, and most unlovely works that ever came from the pen of any musician' — for we all have our spots of obtuseness.

But he went further. With his own ears closed to Bach and Beethoven, he could not believe that any ears were genuinely open to them.

I wonder how Butler would have treated a son of his who became a Wagnerian? No doubt there was, and is, a great deal of 'stock' admiration put on by lowbrows as well as highbrows, and one of the good things a course of Samuel Butler should give the wise reader is a determination not to take over any 'stock' valuations, but to work things out sincerely for himself.

In 1870 at Heatherly's School of Art he met Miss Eliza Mary Ann Savage, whom he used as the model for Aunt Alethea in *The Way of All Flesh.*

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In Miss Savage, the clever, lonely, unappreciated man found at last someone who understood, admired, and encouraged him.

Her letters, printed in Festing Jones's fascinating life of Butler, are very remarkable documents. That Miss Savage was for a long time what is called in love with Butler is quite clear; but he could not or would not see it, for Miss Savage was his own age, plain, crippled, and sickly in body. She died in 1885 after an operation for cancer; and Butler then suddenly recognized the devotion she had lavished on him.

A sense of the poor woman's blighted life haunted him constantly, and long after he expressed his remorse in verses that are painful to read. 'Death bound me to her when he set me free,' he exclaimed when he was near his own end.

In Butler's relations with Miss Savage there is material for a tragic story, and part of the tragedy is that, in trying to be his friend, she proved his worst enemy. She belonged to the class — the mercifully small class — of brilliantly clever women, and it is easy to discern that a sense of her physical deficiencies did not soften her brilliance or sweeten her cleverness. To Miss Savage Butler submitted all his work for approval, and he remodeled everything in accordance with her criticism and suggestions. She was, in fact, the special audience for which he wrote. She demanded from him the brilliance that was his bane, and encouraged him to be always the *enfant terrible*.

But though he boasted of being 'the *enfant terrible* of literature and science,' he had to pay a heavy price for his reputation. He was offensive, and was surprised that people took offense. He published hoaxes that looked like serious truth, and was angry when people took his serious truth for hoaxes.

He liked to be the *enfant terrible* disconcerting the party in the parlor, but cried aloud when the party in the parlor intercepted the *enfant terrible* in the hall.

We can admire Butler's wit, his command of finely simple prose, his searching and almost surgical touch, his courage and his valiancy for truth as he understood it; but it is hard to love him. We take him to our heads, but not to our hearts. Perhaps that is the real tragedy of Samuel Butler.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

SURPRISE EPITAPH ON A VICTORIAN POET-REVIEWER

BY HERBERT E. PALMER

[*Spectator*]

REST! Rest! Your dissonance is done,
Brain in the grave, and the sands run.
No more flat triumphs paid with tears,
No more log-rolling of bad spheres.
Bitterness silenced, boycott done,
Brain in the grave, and the sands run.

But something stays above the ground
That ages hence shall men astound, —
The achievement you so wisely planned
When your little harp was in your hand, —
A song or two to thrill the wire,
The expression of the soul's desire;
And something true, and noble, and fine
That veined your prose with life divine
In two little volumes written deep
When your dissonant mind was half-asleep.

The reviewer was stilled; but the poet won;
And your harp is hanging over the sun.

TROPIC TORNADO

BY J. M. STUART-YOUNG

[London *Poetry*]

INTOLERABLE blackness, rent by vivid flashes;
Wet wailing winds that shriek through ice-cold air;
A sense of strained suspension everywhere;
Crisp shotlike snaps, as branch on branch down-crashes;
And then the rain, in fierce rebellious dashes: —
Thus-wise th' untamed Tornado claims a share
In God's gigantic scheme of Foul or Fair;
And thus Man's boast of 'sovereignty' abashes!

Chaos resurgent; and the scared soul shrinking,
Whilst into Death all life seems fain to swoon;
And still the storm sweeps by with mad insistence . . .
Then sudden Peace . . . High in the deep-domed distance
Bright galaxies of stars and an opal moon . . .
The green, green earth beneath, in great gulps drinking!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ELLEN KEY AT SEVENTY-FIVE

Reformers and pioneers who feel that they are unappreciated by their contemporaries ought to take comfort from the experience of Ellen Key, the Swedish feminist champion and preacher of higher ideals of love. At one time she was the object of much newspaper abuse, denunciation from the pulpit, and ostracism from 'decent' society. But last December, when she celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday at her country place, 'Strand,' on the shores of Lake Vettern, the whole Swedish press blossomed out into an editorial bouquet, the churches recognized her as an advanced champion of higher standards of morality, and 'the very best people' attended the unveiling of a monument in her honor. In other words, the times have caught up with her. But whether the same advance would have been achieved had she herself merely kept the pace instead of leading the 'cause,' no one, of course, can tell.

'Perhaps Ellen Key herself does not know how much she has meant for feminism,' wrote Dr. Anna Söderhjelm in *Idun*, a Stockholm woman's weekly, which is elegant rather than 'advanced.'

'In these days when a general leveling has obliterated so much of the difference, not between man and woman, but between feminine and masculine viewpoints, it is hard to realize that there ever was a time when feminine opinion was regarded as inferior and all thinking by women as defective. Yet that was not too long ago for many still living to remember.'

'No living Swede has exercised so great an influence on her contemporaries as Ellen Key,' wrote Torgney Segerstedt, editor-in-chief of so sober a journal as *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*. 'The explanation is not that she wrote a better prose than other authors. That was not her fame. Nor that her fancy had a higher flight, her thoughts greater clearness, or her knowledge of men and things a greater depth. In all these respects others have equaled or excelled her. But through no other contemporary personality has the spiritual current of the day flowed so clean or so strong as through Ellen Key.

'What she has preached about the relations between man and woman, about love, home, and children is now about to become the views of every man — though not, unfortunately, every man's guide. But when those ideas were first promulgated they caused great offense. The clergy rumbled against such 'immorality,' a grouchy philosopher girded himself with the sword of pompous logic in order to down the false prophetess, and a poor fretful poet tried to make fun of her. Now a merciful forgetfulness buries deeper and deeper the exploits of this trio.'

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THE ADVENTURES OF OCCIDENTAL ART IN THE FAR EAST

Two recent incidents in the artistic life of Tokyo are worth noting for the curious light they shed on the contact of cultures now going on across the Pacific.

The first concerns the sculptor Rodin, whose statue, The Kiss, not long ago formed part of a loan art-exhibit in Tokyo. Now the nude in art

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causes no great horror in a country where anyone to whom the idea happens to appeal is at liberty to take a bath on the sidewalk. But kissing — a custom almost unknown in Japan — is quite another matter. A compromise with the police was eventually reached whereby a screen was placed about the offending masterpiece, upon which only persons of discreet years, blessed with presumably shock-proof morals, were permitted to gaze. And yet Continental critics are perpetually taking about Anglo-Saxon prudery!

The second concerns no less a composer than Beethoven. Efrem Zimbalist, who like most European musicians touring in the Far East has been very enthusiastically received, was especially applauded for an improvisation of his own, based upon a Japanese theme, and dedicated to a Japanese prince. But his audience's natural patriotic enthusiasm for this, for Wagner, for Sarasate, for Chaikovskii, and for Paganini, paled in comparison with the outburst when he played the Kreutzer Sonata.

The reason for such general enthusiasm was not musical but literary. All Japanese intellectuals are familiar with the Sonata because they have all read Tolstoi's novel. Quite naturally they extend their approval to Beethoven. It would be interesting to know how many Occidentals — who would never dream of honestly admitting it — do precisely the same thing.

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CHANGING THE NAMES OF KINGS AND CAPITALS

In the name of Communism the Russians changed the name of Petrograd, formerly St. Petersburg, to Leningrad. In the name of Nationalism the Norwegians have changed the name of their capital from Christiania to Oslo. Founded and named by the Danish king, Christian IV, the city now occupies also the site of the original Oslo, a much older community near by. The name Christiania reminded the Norwegian patriots too vividly of the five hundred years during which their country was a vassal of Denmark.

Another proposed Norwegian form of revising history backward consists in changing the ordinal numbers of the kings that ruled jointly over Sweden and Norway during the next hundred years, from 1814 to 1905. 'Since each partner was wholly self-governing, why should the kings be designated in Norway by the numbers they happened to have in Swedish history?' the Norwegian Nationalist organ, *Tidens Tegn*, now asks. In Sweden the French Revolutionary Marshal Bernadotte became Karl Johan XIV. In Norway he was the first of that name. Why should he not be called Karl Johan I? His son was Oscar I in both countries, and no fault can be found with that; but his grandson was Karl XV in Sweden, and should be Karl II in Norway — all contemporary stamps, coins, and other records to the contrary notwithstanding. If this reform also goes through, Gustav V, who now rules over Sweden, will find himself demoted to Gustav I in his lost domain of Norway, and one trembles for the Norwegian schoolboy, trying to learn history.

The Danes and the Swedes, who have always been independent, find this Norwegian zeal to set history right a bit amusing, and *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning* reprints a malicious quip from Paris *Figaro*. In commenting on the change from Christiania this paper had inadvertently referred to the city as the capital of Denmark, and had been corrected by a Norwegian representative. Contritely it confessed its error, and then added that as fit pun-

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ishment it would allow any Norwegian paper whatsoever to call Paris the capital of Belgium on the day when Paris decides to change its name.

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A CENTRAL REFERENCE LIBRARY FOR GERMANY

A GERMAN library which is to contain everything — books, pamphlets, and periodicals — published or yet to be published in the German language anywhere in the world after January 1, 1913, has been established in Leipzig. The new library, which is to be known as Die Deutsche Bucherei, was founded by the German Government, the Republic of Saxony, and the City of Leipzig, coöperating with the Borsenverein der Deutschen Buchhändler, which has its headquarters in Leipzig.

German publishers have voluntarily pledged themselves to supply the new institution with one free copy of everything published. In return for this the Bucherei is to issue large, comprehensive bibliographies compiled from its own books, which will offer an indispensable tool for the scholar, the librarian, and book-lovers in general. These will include daily and weekly lists of all German publications, from which special bibliographies on special subjects will later be compiled.

By the end of 1923 the new institution's stacks already contained half a million volumes. The annual additions amount to about fifty thousand volumes, and some five hundred periodicals have to be cared for every day. There is a main reading-room accommodating approximately two hundred persons, and a readily accessible volume-collection of 1500 volumes, including classic textbooks and reference books, immediately available to anyone who wishes to consult them.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO AS THEATRE MANAGER

A NEW theatre is rising in Rome which when completed will be directed by no less a personage than Luigi Pirandello. It is to be 'an artistic, but not an experimental stage,' and its bill will be exceedingly international: a hitherto unknown Russian author named Evreinov, the Frenchman Charles Vildrac, and the two extremely modern French dramatists, Jules Romain and Jean Cocteau, the Spanish dramatists Jacinto Gran, Riccardo Baroja, and Martinez Sierra, plus our own Eugene O'Neill.

There will also be a great many Italian authors, whom Pirandello will choose among the younger and less-known men — and of course the Director himself.

The company is to be very numerous. including four prima donnas and three leading men, so that there can be no doubt that Signor Pirandello is in for a lively time.

The new house announces frankly that its prices will be high and that there will be no passes whatever. Dramatic critics, however, will be allowed to attend public rehearsals, as in the French theatres. The architect is Virgilio Marchi. The building will seat but four hundred people.

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EXAMINATIONS IN MODERN WRITERS

THE London *Morning Post* has adopted the poet Calverley's idea of setting its readers examination papers in the works of modern authors. Calverley, one of the most whimsical geniuses who ever wrote English verse, amused himself by drawing up a Dickens examination paper with which enthusiasts were to test the attentiveness of their reading.

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Not content with a single author, the *Morning Post* within the last year has offered its readers examinations on the works of Stevenson, Galsworthy, and Kipling, with results that it declares most encouraging. At least, 'the successful examinees have shown a profound and judicious knowledge of the authors' achievements and intentions.'

The response to the three sets of questions reveals a sharp difference in public interest in the authors. The Kipling and Stevenson examinations elicited innumerable responses. The Galsworthy paper, however, did not attract nearly so many. Kipling attracted three times as many candidates as Stevenson, and the knowledge revealed was much more exact and intimate. The common notion that Kipling is a 'man's author' is refuted by the fact that a full third of the competitors, including a number of the Kipling Graduates with Distinction, were women.

The *Post* concludes that 'Mr. Kipling, like Dickens, is one of the very few authors whom the nation has by heart and at heart.'

THE DRAMATISTS' TRADE-UNION

THEATRICAL Paris is greatly disturbed over the prospective expiration of the monopoly exercised by the *Société des auteurs dramatiques*. The position occupied by French dramatists is almost unique. Their Society, which includes practically all French authors of plays, insists that managers must conform to its terms, which are made the same for every author, no matter how new and no matter how great. The manager who fails to comply with the Society's demands will speedily find his theatre cut off from practically all modern plays and be reduced to the unprotected classics.

But the Society's monopoly has only three years more to run, and the theatrical folk of Paris are beginning to look into the future. Some of the more prominent dramatists are said to believe that they can look after their own interests better than any organization can do it for them, and their withdrawal would probably end the Society's existence. If this happens it will seriously prejudice the position of the playwrights, which is far stronger in France than in any other country.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Voyage, by John Middleton Murry. London: Constable, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

FOR his third novel, *The Voyage*, Mr. John Middleton Murry has chosen a small canvas, suited to his talent for detail and delicate shading. *The Voyage* has but the wisp of a plot. A group of London friends plan the foundation of a bookshop, simply as a spiritual adventure, — one of them has the admirable idea of calling it the 'Book Ship,' — and between two of them, Gerry Wickham and Anne Ferguson, a flame of love begins to crackle and leap. But a stranger has been introduced into the group, Emilia Tancred, admitted as the wife of one of the associates. With her jealous and ravening personality she destroys the half-formed plan of the shop in Long Acre, if anything so shadowy can be said to be destroyed; sets her elegant, cruel little foot upon the flame between Wickham and Anne before it has caught enough fuel to resist assault; spins a light, poisonous web of infatuation round Anne's lover, and breaks it laughingly before it has strength to bind her. So nobody ever embarks upon any voyage, and nothing particular appears to have happened.

That appearance is the delusion. The inhabitants of Mr. Murry's dream-world are sensitive enough, frail enough perhaps we should say, to be blown about the ocean of life by the faintest puff of wind, forerunner of a possible gale. The crash of their scheme is none the less tragic because the shop was never opened, except in their imaginations. Wickham's infidelity to Anne is not less flagrant for the fact that it consisted in the most trifling deception, that between him and Emilia there had not yet been the faintest flirtation. Mr. Murry is a taster of souls, ready to tell, and to make you believe, astonishing things — some beautiful, some terrible — from the tiniest drop of their essence dissolved upon his mental palate. In the two women especially who hold the foreground of his tale he has seized upon fresh and subtly thrilling individualities.

The Authors' Thames: A Literary Ramble through the Thames Valley, by Gordon S. Maxwell. London: Cecil Palmer, 1924. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[C. E. M. in the *Manchester Guardian*]

THERE are places so much to be liked that you can read anything which is written about them, although it be not written well. Such a place is the middle Thames valley, from Putney to Windsor, and Mr. Maxwell's is a book that puts your affection to the test. For he can write like this: 'Hampton, in bygone days, possessed that interesting functionary, a Beadle, and one of whom, Ben Parsons, who flourished in the early part of the nineteenth century, seems to have been a bit of a character,' and 'Falstaff disguised himself as "The Fortune-telling Fat Woman of Brentford," whom Master Ford swore was a witch.' And yet this reviewer has read him right through, with absorption.

This part of the Thames is like a great Oxford or Cambridge college, where almost every set of rooms has, in some century or other, been occupied by a man or men afterward more or less famous. At places like Richmond or Twickenham almost every oldish house has a history of some piquancy. Shelley went to school in it, or Sheridan spent his honeymoon there, or Reynolds painted there, or George Eliot wrote the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, or Jeanie Deans went there to see the Queen, or Charles the Second to get away from the Plague. Bill Sikes and Oliver Twist called for a drink at one of the taverns; highwaymen from Hounslow Heath used notoriously to lie up at another, between whiles; Goldsmith's song of the 'Three Jolly Pigeons' was reputedly inspired by a third.

Along the banks of the river everything not rankly new is storied, and when you have lived there for a while you imbibe imperceptibly the lore of each building — the one where Dr. Johnson used to dine with Mr. Cambridge, the one where Dickens entertained Thackeray and Tennyson to celebrate the end of *David Copperfield*, the one that Horace Walpole used to call Mabland because of its fairyish air, and the one that Turner built for himself and inhabited with his father, that frugal ancient who used to get a lift up to London on the top of vegetables in a market-gardener's wagon, in return for one glass of gin *per diem*, to save coach fares. Of these toothsome memoranda Mr. Maxwell has collected an admirable heap. His book straggles; it is unarranged; its sentiment is commonplace; some of the literary valuations are not to be commended; and yet, if you have dwelt in those Elysian fields which the Thames drains in summer and waters in winter, you could better spare a better book.

Jungle Born, by John Eyton. London: Arrowsmith, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

IT is a little challenging to enter into competition with a great master in a field that he has made securely his own; yet it is impossible that one

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should read *Jungle Born*, by John Eyton, without thinking of the Kipling *Jungle Books*. This charming story of a new Mowgli, Nanga, justifies Mr. Eyton's challenge. It is very delicately, very delightfully told, and frames in the atmosphere of wild life an idyllic love-story. Slight as it is, it must be recognized as a distinct achievement.

The French Romantics' Knowledge of English Literature, by Eric Partridge. Paris: Édouard Champion, 1920. 40 frs.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MR. PARTRIDGE has not written a book. He has compiled, dissertationwise, a vast store of carefully documented information out of which many books may and will no doubt be written. His volume appears under the ægis of Professors Baldensperger and Hazard, who lead the world in the scientific study of comparative literature, and who are gradually accumulating masses of evidence illustrating the wide extent of international dependence in what is apparently so national and individual an activity as the art of literature. They have thus established what may be called the academic counterpart of the League of Nations.

Mr. Partridge is a worthy disciple. He reins himself — but not easily, he tells us — to seek nothing but objective facts. He scours the periodicals, correspondences, and memoirs of France for the years 1820–1846, picking up every reference bearing on a Frenchman's knowledge of English literature. He turns to the French poets, dramatists, and novelists, and notes every point of actual contact with England. The result is ocular and statistical demonstration of the extent of English influence on French romanticism. It adds extensively to what was already known, particularly in regard to the minor writers of both countries. And with the major, in mass and detail, it confirms the outlines already hazarded.

Shakespeare, of course, and, to a less extent, Milton, of our older poets; but of contemporaries, *facile principes*, Byron and Scott stood to France as the great powers which had arisen in England. What Scott was to France may be gathered from Armand de Pontmartin: 'He had as his supporters serious men, reasonable women, mammas seeking respectable and interesting books for their sons and daughters, dramatic authors who borrowed from him the subjects of their plays, and historical students who saw in the novelist the initiator of a radical reform in the writing of history. . . . One can only with difficulty realize this vogue. . . . It profoundly affected even costumes, fashions, furniture, shop-signs, and theatre-hoardings.'

Altogether Mr. Partridge has made a valuable contribution to scholarship. But he should learn to give as much care to proof-reading as to research; and he might ask himself whether anything is really gained by seeking to enliven a solid and stodgy book with flippant colloquialisms.

The Enigma of Rabelais, by A. F. Chappell. Cambridge and New York: Cambridge University Press, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THERE was a period of about eleven years in the life of Rabelais — a period of which his biographers have been able to tell us very little — during which his outlook, his mode of thought, and his philosophy were vastly changed. They were the years that followed the publication of *Gargantua* and came to a close with the *Tiers Livre;* and the nature of the change and the circumstances that may have accounted for it have been made the subject of an interesting study by Mr. A. F. Chappell. In his earlier period Rabelais was a monk, a student of medicine, and something of a pagan. But he was restless. He abandoned his medicine, when *Gargantua* was fresh from the press, to become the protégé and the friend of cardinals, and, for a time, an official of the French Court, with less inclination to quarrel with Churchmen generally on religious grounds. Mr. Chappell finds in 'his passage from seclusion to public life, from privacy to the companionship of a notable statesman,' Guillaume de Bellay, some explanation of the transformation; but the considerations and the arguments which he brings to bear upon the subject constitute a deeply interesting study.

BOOKS MENTIONED

VELIKANOVICH, ISO. *Srijemske Priče* (Stories of Sryem). Zagreb: Društvo Hrvatskih Književnika (Society of Croatian Writers).

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This Week

Congressional primaries, World's Series, and Chinese Revolutions have dubious reputations. Their outcome has occasionally been predetermined — or in the bag, as the sport-writers say. Just lately Japan is supposed to have offered twenty million dollars for a couple of generals, with names like the things that King Wah Low's Restaurant serves you on its Blue Plate Special, to see to it that the race went to the swift and the battle to the strong.

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The difference, concludes Dr. Hermann Lufft, between American and European statesmen is that Americans can quickly adapt themselves to new situations, whereas Europeans act solely on dogma. In short, it is easier to prognosticate the diplomacy of a Metternich than of a Frank B. Kellogg. How shrewd a judge of our politics Dr. Lufft really is can be appreciated from his scornful distinction between 'the Wilson pose' or 'the Roosevelt pose' and the towering greatness of 'a Lincoln or a Coolidge.'

* * *

Persia's troubles are of a religious nature. Her inhabitants, who are nice self-respecting Aryans like you or me, have had Mohammedanism thrust down their throats on the points of long sharp scimitars, and, like you or me, they have sensibly swallowed what was given them. That, at any rate, is Dr. Weiss's idea. One is tempted to wonder whether he ever heard of an institution known as the British Empire.

* * *

Just as our suburbanites are packing away their Mah Jongg sets and phonographs and breaking out with radios and cross-word-puzzle books, the Philippines are beginning to taste the joys of overspeeding in automobiles. They go so fast, however, that they get little or no pleasure from the scenery, which Mr. Walter Robb, Secretary of the Manila Chamber of Commerce, assures us is simply grand.

* * *

No need to refuse dinner invitations any more, for Bernard Fay has provided us with any amount of conversational ammunition in his brief treatise on Modern Writers of French Prose. Read it and you will have a far clearer idea of contemporary literature in France than if you try to plough through the works of the authors in question.

* * *

There is something for the kiddies too this week, and it would be hard to think of a more agreeable way of spending the evening than gathering your little ones about you and reading them Mr. Dearmer's paper on Forgotten Children's Books. After that you might try them out on A Week of the World.

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An immigrant lad came to America in 1907.

A native of Poland and a participant in the revolt of Polish youth against Russian rule, he came to this country chiefly to quiet his mother's fear that he would be swung from the gallows to make a Russian holiday.

The first five years were the hardest.

He was a tramp. He had met few Americans — and two of those swindled him.

He at one time felt that he had either to steal or commit suicide.

Yet, he found himself.

During the war, he was a captain in the United States Army.

He did valuable work in training non-English-speaking soldiers.

He worked his way through college and through the New Jersey Law School.

Stanislaw Gutowski tells his story in the February number of Scribner's Magazine, now current.

"An Immigrant at the Crossroads," he calls it.

It is an important document in Americanization, as well as an interesting human story.

In a later number of Scribner's Magazine, Mr. Gutowski will discuss Americanization from the standpoint of the immigrant.

* * *

The February Scribner's Magazine presents interesting glimpses of the life of Americans, and the salient features of the American scene.

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John Hays Hammond, famed mining engineer, contributes "Strong Men of the Wild West."

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The life of a naval officer's wife is pictured by Stella Beehler Ruddock, and one obtains from it a vivid conception of the intense life which the men and women of the navy set lead. "Taggin' Ship" is the title.

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"Wayfarers—All" by Mary R. Gordon is a cross-section of life on a trail in the West.

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Pertinent comments on the American presidency as well as the French appear in Albert Guérard's article "In the Realm of King Log."

* * *

Jazz! It's ours, and no apologies necessary, says William J. Henderson, distinguished music critic and friend of James Gibbons Huneker, in "Ragtime, Jazz, and High Art" in the February Scribner's.

* * *

Rodin, the bourgeois-appearing sculptor; General Boulanger, the swaggering pretender to Napoleon's cocked hat; Millerand, Jules Claretie, director of the Comédie Française, and other famous Parisians are seen through the eyes of H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

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Fiction, Phelps and Cortissoz and other features appear in the February Scribner's Magazine.

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